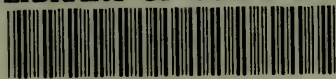


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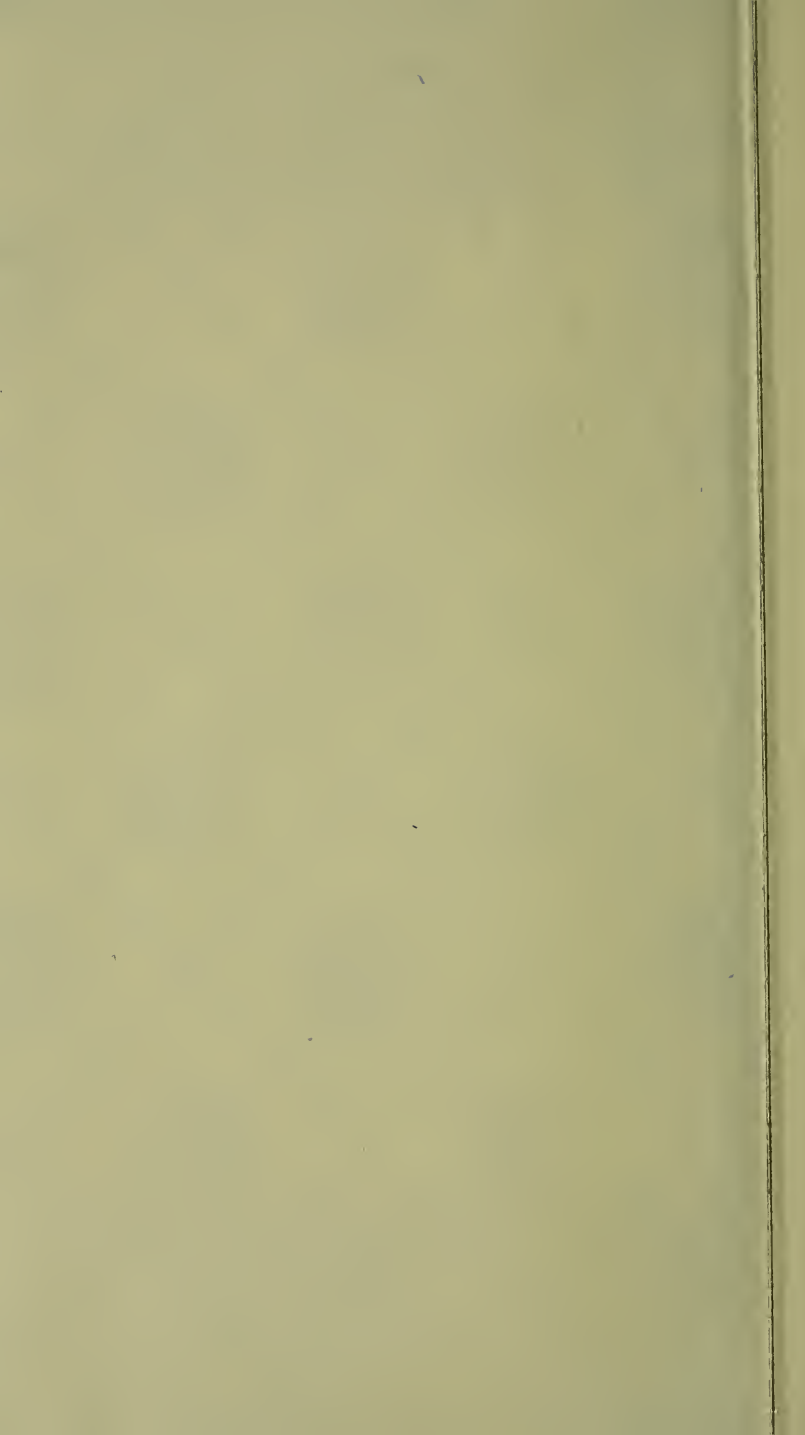


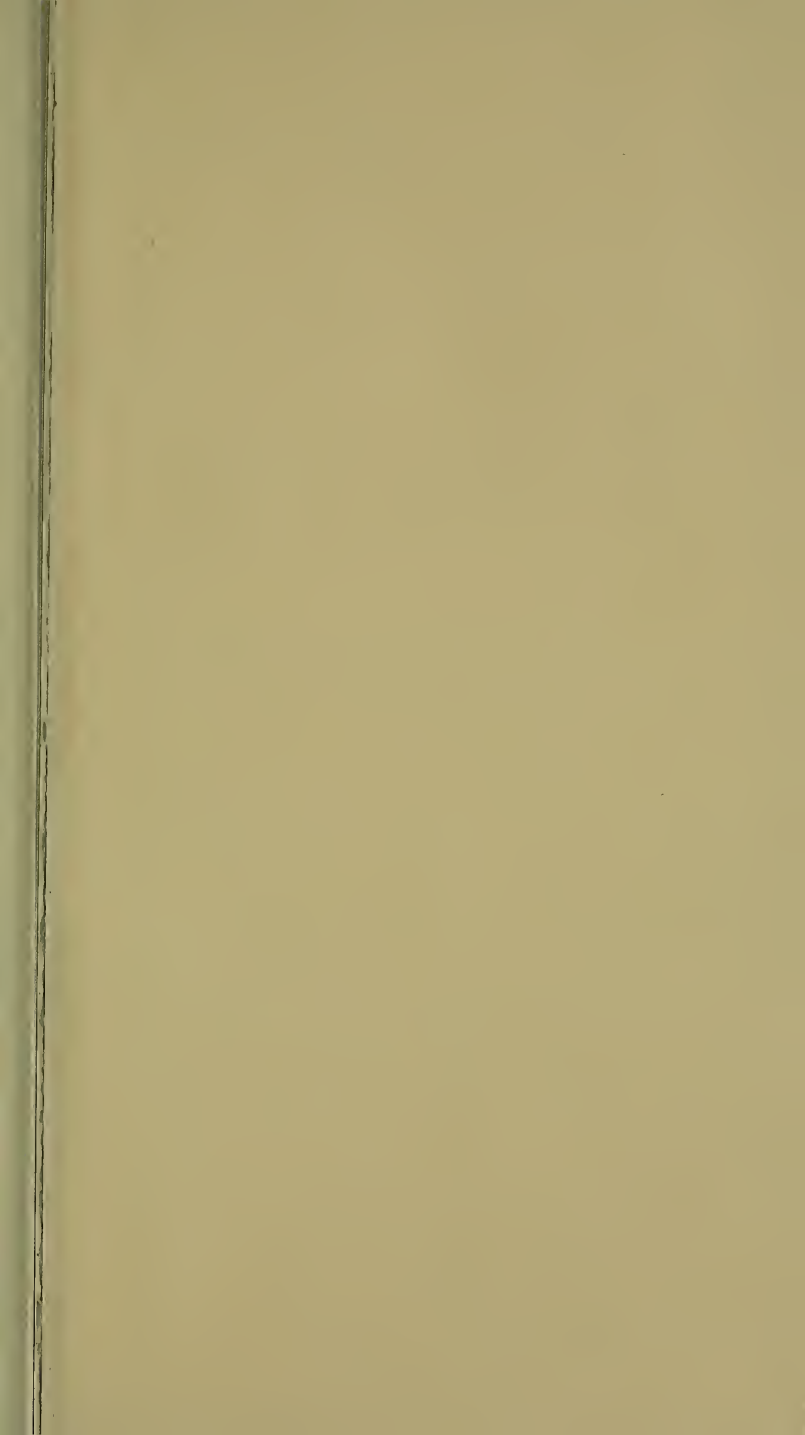
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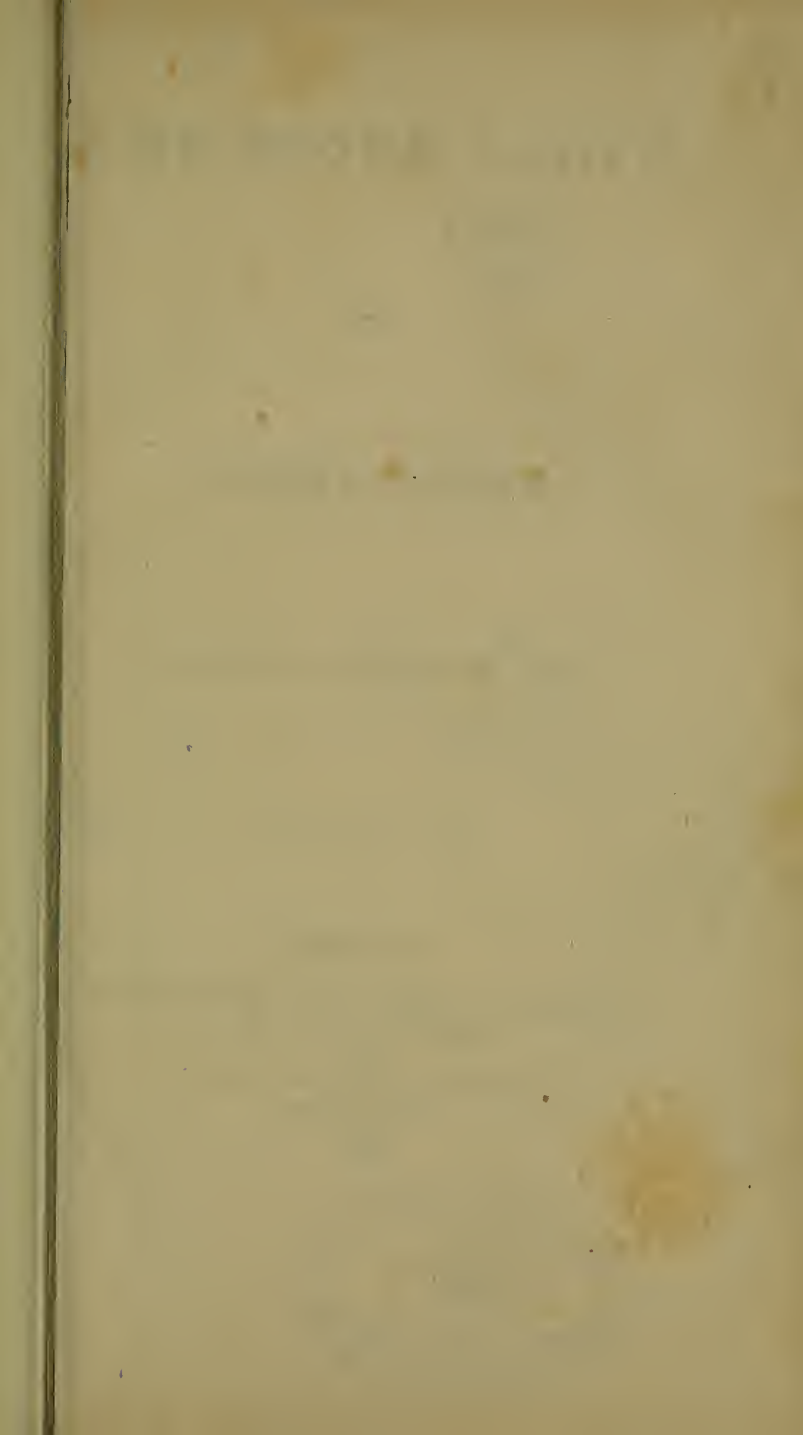


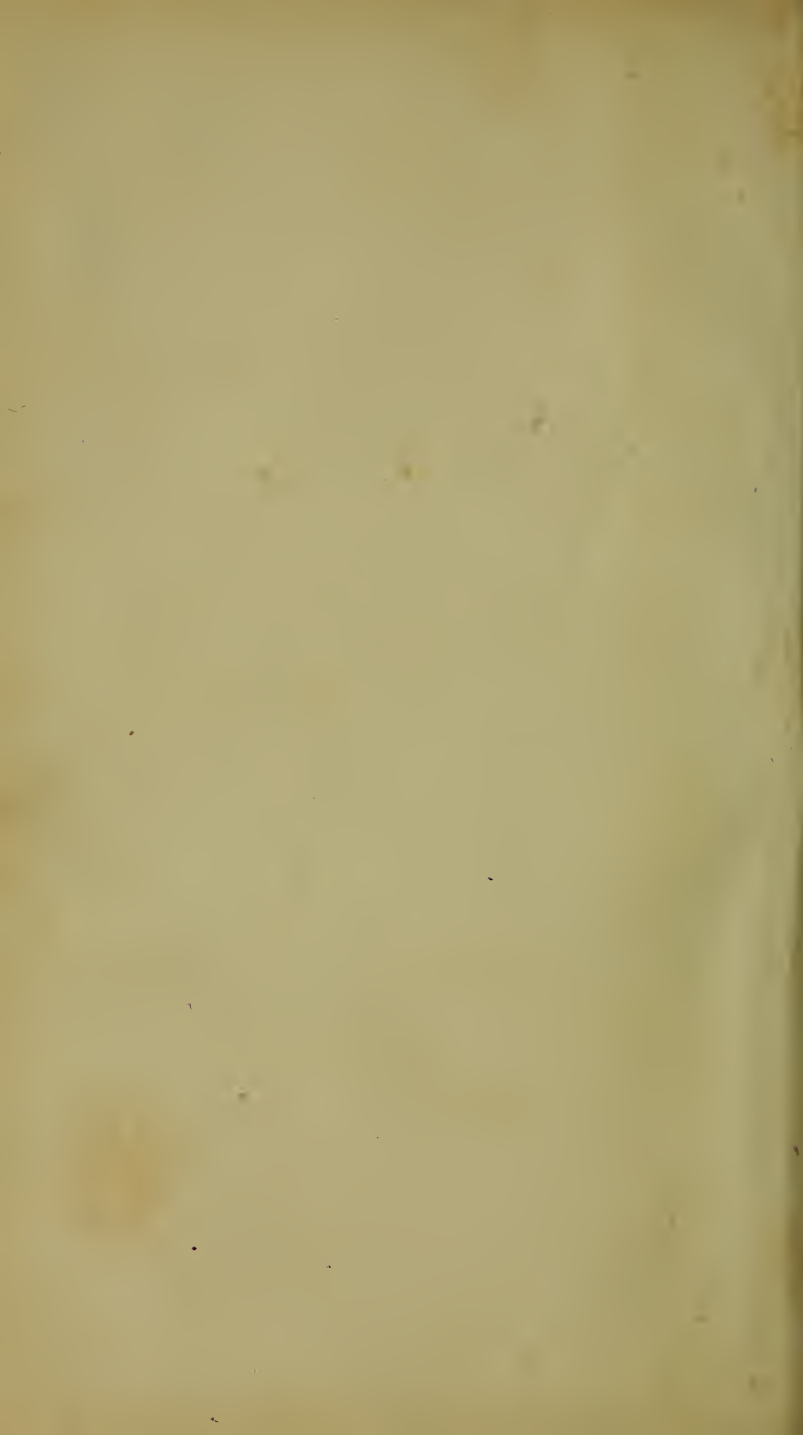












THE PROUD LADYE:

C369
-399

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY SPENCER WALLACE CONE. ✓
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THERE is an old adage, almost as old as the “time of good neighbours,”—that “good wine needs no bush;” grant this, and it follows that new attempts in poetry *do need* at least a slight apology upon their introduction to such dainty times as ours; and he who will not be at some pains to frame one “passing humble,” must indeed be very blind to the faults of those dearest of all relatives, *the children of the brain*. Therefore, as far as this little volume may travel, and to whomsoever it may come begging a kindly look and friendly hand, let me say, that the several pieces composing it were not written either with the idea of striking out from the flint of this world brighter scintillations with the steel of poesy than others do, or of surpassing the ages that are gone by: but simply, because it was easier to write than to abstain. Of their worth, my readers must be the judges.

THE PROUD LADYE.

I.

THE sun sank slow, and its last fair ray
Lingered on tower and turret gray;
Flinging wide o'er the time-stain'd wall,
That oft to the battle trump's piercing call,
When pennons were glancing beneath it bright,
And spears were in rest for the coming fight,
Had shook with the shouts that dared the strife,
As if each stone were a thing of life,—
A sad sweet light, like an infant's smile,
Undimmed by a thought of sin or guile,
That quietly rests on some aged face,
Where crime has dug deep its furrowed trace;
Where passion and anguish past still lie
In the transient gleam of the sunken eye,
And the soul of youth's strife at times will speak
In the angry flush of the wrinkled cheek.

So looks the sun on that castle wall,
Ere the owl hoots loud, and the night-dews fall.

II.

But slower and sadder the sun-beams died
 From the waving wood and the upland wide,
 Gilding the tops of the yellow grain,
 And spanning the brook with a golden chain;
 Peeping sly in the buttercup's cell,
 And kissing the flower they love so well;
 Pausing, dancing, and lingering still
 On laughing water, and swelling hill,
 Where the nymphs sport free, and the dryads roam,
 And the spirit of beauty makes her home;
 And loveliness, cradled in flowers deep,
 By the soft night wind is rocked to sleep,
 Full loth to leave to sad dull-eyed night
 Hill, valley, and plain, so passing bright.

III.

1

Lay him upon no bier,
 But on his knightly shield;
 The warrior's corpse uprear,
 And bear him from the field.
 Spread o'er his rigid form
 The banner of his pride,
 And let him meet the conqueror worm,
 With his good sword by his side.

2

To the dark grave we go,
 Bearing the proud and great,
 Where quick decay will know
 Nor title nor estate.

Pour forth the solemn strain,
 Wail for the mighty dead ;
 For dust hath come to dust again,
 And the warrior's spirit fled.

IV.

Slowly they bear him, with the dirge of wo,
 To life's last inn—the grave. Now back they go
 Through the long, solemn aisles—and silent all ;
 No word, no echo, save the measured fall
 Of many feet.

A hundred torches shone,
 With a red blaze, on roof and buttress stone,
 And faces blanched with sorrow, or the fear
 That shakes some natures when the dead are near.
 An instant—all is hushed—the crowd are gone ;
 The dead rest with their kindred dead—alone.

He'll see no more the serried lances gleam,
 He'll drink no more of battle's fiery stream ;
 Death met the chief 'mid life's embattled host,
 And they all failed him,—his last field is lost.
 Sir HUGO sleeps ;—shield, spear, and banner brave,
 Lie 'neath the conq'ror's foot—the monarch of the grave.

V.

Is she the last ?

Aye! of that warrior race
 The last. Brave knight and haughty chief are gone ;
 And she, a woman, in her sire's great place,
 O'ersways her vassals, guideless, and alone.

Bold knight and chief are gone : in the old hall
 Bright swords are rusting, mighty bows unstrung,
 Strong armour hangs all useless on the wall,
 And hard won trophies, quite neglected flung,
 Lie heaped together ; idly flapping hang
 Above them all the knightly banners' fold,
 That there, where loudest pealed the trumpet's clang,
 Where fiercest on the battle's surges rolled,
 Where the tall plumes like billows rose and fell,
 As red Bellona trod along the line,
 When all went down, flew o'er them broad and well,
 The star of hope, proud victory's surest sign.
 All idly now it hangs ;—the cold night air,
 Stealing through cracks and crannies of the hall,
 Perchance upon its wing will upward bear
 An instant, but no more ;—anon 'twill fall,
 And lowly droop again, like that sad tree,
 Lone silent centinel by many graves,
 That o'er the forms love ne'er again may see,
 Its long thin arms in restless sorrow waves :—
 So, as it mourned for the proud days gone by,—
 When o'er the stricken field it shone afar,
 The banner clasped the wind, and seemed to sigh,
 Then drooped in silence o'er the spoils of war.

VI.

And she, the last of her princely house,
 Led she a lonely life ;
 Or took to her side a noble spouse,
 And vowed her a loving wife ?
 A gay, but a lonely life she led,
 In court, in bower, and hall,

And though many a glance on her beauty fed,
 And many a word in its praise was said,
 And many a heart in secret bled,
 She scorned, ah ! she scorned them all !—
 For the proudest and haughtiest dame was she
 That ever wore kirtle gay ;
 And when the highest pressed 'round to see,
 And offered her homage and fealty,
 She waved them with scorn away.
 For the noblest, the choicest, the fairest knights
 That sought her in bower and hall,
 Where the eye grew warm with pleasant sights,
 And the air was dainty with choice delights,
 She scorned, ah ! she scorned them all !

VII.

In the bright quick flash of her eagle eye
 Dwelt a strange magic, a mastery
 More potent than theirs who but sped the lance,
 Or ruled the change of the battle's chance ;
 The spell of a strong and a haughty soul,
 Of a mind that looked to no common goal,
 To which the great of the earth were small,
 For the thought that itself was above them all ;
 And who that would greatest, and farthest dare,
 Would shrink from the thoughts in that soul that were.

VIII.

Her hair was dark, and its graceful flow
 Rolled to her neck from her ivory brow,
 Clinging about it, with wavy fold,
 Like a clustering vine to a column old.

She stept as a conq'ror steps who goes
 From the field that hath looked on his humbled foes,
 To receive, as his due, from his monarch's hand
 The baton of power, and high command :
 And she looked as the sage, when his power has bowed
 The spirits who ride on the bursting cloud ;
 A look so thoughtful, and high, and stern,
 As with things of this world she had no concern ;
 For in every line of a perfect face
 Shone the haughty soul of her dauntless race.
 In all her features ?

Ah, no :—not all !

Her mouth as a cherub's was sweet and small ;
 And, at constant war with her cold stern eye,
 A hundred sprites did around it fly ;
 Spirits of fondness, and gentle love,
 Whose life of affections deep is wove ;
 And the smile that played round its ruby bow
 Lit all her face with a gentle glow,
 And seemed in its brilliance so perfect fair,
 As the soul of love were imprisoned there.

IX.

Her face was such as doth often gleam
 On poet's line from a summer-day dream,
 When fancy's touched with the fire of love,
 And his thrilling pulses wildly move ;
 When to the fuel of yearning thought,
 The quick kindling flame of passion's brought,
 To burn, yet to please, to madden, control,
 Till from the fierce brilliance it pours through the soul ;

Like another Prometheus he snatch the strong fire,
 And quick, with the essence creative, inspire
 A being like that where his heart is shrined,
 A being all spirit, and beauty, and mind.

X.

And she was proud withal, for her young life
 Had brought to her no sadd'ning, humbling strife
 With poverty and ill.

A fair domain,
 A broad free stretch of valley, hill, and plain,
 Here dotted by the dappled deer, and there
 The waving grain upon the hill top fair,
 And an old forest that for years untold
 Had still been, as 'twas then, huge, dark, and *old*;
 All these were hers, and many a thing beside.
 She saw them painted by the setting sun,
 And smiling, thought—

“Have I not cause for pride?
 All this my fathers with their good swords won:
 And it is mine;—all mine; then be it mine,
 The last, to be the proudest of my line.”

XI.

And she sought the world with its laughing throng,
 So they laugh that reckon not of right or wrong;
 Though the orphan starve, and the widow wail,
 Joyously on o'er life's tide they sail.
 She sought the world, and her glance of flame
 Lighted her on wherever she came;
 Nobles and princes bent low the knee,
 And swore she only a goddess could be,

And kings at the shrine of her beauty bowed ;
 Marvel ye then that she grew *more* proud ?
 She knew of no sorrow, for every day,
 Robed in enjoyment, sped on its way
 With footfall so noiseless, and touch so slight,
 The morn seemed scarce broke ere she danced through
 the night.

But on they sped to the ebon gates,
 Where ever and aye an angel waits,
 To ope to the days that come so fast,
 The dark-shadowed portal of the past,
 And with rushing noise, like a mighty wind,
 Shuts them for ever and aye behind.

XII.

Life hath summer weather,
 And many a wintry blast ;
 And oft they come together,
 Or follow each so fast,
 That when the heart beats highest,
 Most joyously and warm,
 The bitter wind brings nighest
 The tears, and the cold, cold storm.
 But when clouds in armies move,
 As the storms their trumpets blow,
 The sky is as bright above
 As the clouds are dark below,
 And ere long the conquering sun
 Comes forth in his mail of light,
 And the coward storm-clouds run
 From his shield, and his spear-beams bright.

XIII.

There was a youth whose unhappy fate
 Had been as a prince's squire to wait,
 And daily to look on her face so fair,
 'Till his eyes with gazing grew fastened there ;
 And all that he saw in the earth, or sky,
 Was a something copied from cheek or eye,
 And every thought as he waked or slept,
 Was of something he saw whilst his watch he kept.

Half maddened, and blind with his passion's power,
 All desp'rate he flew to the Proud Lady's bower,
 And bending low at the beauty's feet,
 In falt'ring words did his love repeat.

Why in his speech doth the youth stop short ?
 'Tis because the proud lady maketh sport
 Of his falt'ring words ; and laughs loud and long,
 " That the *blackbird* should copy the *nightingale's* song ;"
 " What think you of me,"—and her eyes flashed fire,
 " Must I list the speech of a paltry squire ?"
 " Beshrew my heart !" and she bitterly laughed,
 " But the fool hath too deep of the wine cup quaffed.
 What have I done, sir, that you should dare
 Insult mine ear with a *menial's* prayer ?
 I, whose escutcheon hath known no stain ;
 I, to whom monarchs have sued in vain ;
 I, in whose veins runs the red stream clear
 Of nobles untouched by reproach or fear !
 Away to thy mates, and be thankful, knave,
 I send thee not back as a branded slave !

Away on the instant ; begone, I say !
A squire dare love me ! God help the day !”

And the Squire went from the Ladye’s bower,
And none saw his face from that very hour.
His master searched, and his comrades mourned,
And the ladye laughed, that his love had scorned :
And day followed day on their pauseless track,
But WALTER DE COUCY no more came back.

XIV.

And the Ladye mocked at the Prince, that he sought
So long and so sad for a “ thing of naught :”
But he answered her quickly,

“ A precious thing
Is a noble heart ! like a golden ring
Its circle encloses a spell to bind
Body to body, and mind to mind.
Show me the man whom no time can move,
Whom troubles and dangers but firmer prove ;
Show me the man like the forest oak
That still stands firm, though the lightning’s stroke
From the blasted trunk all its branches rend,
And I’ll pray that man that he’ll be my friend ;
For oh, dear ladye, there be but few
To aught but their selfishness firm and true.
A thing of naught ! fair ISORA, no !
France can none nobler than COUCY show ;
His blood through a line of monarch’s came” —
“ But a paltry squire ?”

“ For thy beauty’s fame !

He heard of thee first in lands afar,
 And hither he came from a conquering war,
 To see if the troubadours truth had told,
 When they called thee brighter than wine or gold!"

XV.

Alone, within a lofty room,
 Where softly fell the gathering gloom
 On lute, and rich embroidery,
 And crucifix, and rosary,
 ISORA knelt;—her dark eyes raised to heaven;
 Her pale lips half apart, as though she'd striven
 To pour her heart's great agony in words,
 But that, when strained the most, her frame's frail chords
 Had failed, and tongue refused to mould the thought,
 With love, and love's intensest anguish, fraught.
 Why knelt she there, the young, the gay, the proud,
 Apart from all the glitt'ring, servile crowd,
 The brilliant hollow throng where she had shone
 The first!—Alone? what did she there alone?

Ah! woman's heart's a wayward thing
 Of impulse and of love;
 And trifles oft will sorrow bring,
 And what seems slight, most deeply wring,
 Where tempests could not move.
 Her heart is like the sun beam,
 A ray of heaven's own light,
 That lies as sweet and quietly,
 As beauteous and as bright
 In the crystal's form, as the brightest gem
 That gleams in a monarch's diadem.

Or it is like a wanton bird
 That through a garden flies,
 The flaunting rose's voice unheard,
 The gaudy tulip left unstirred,
 And all of gorgeous dies,
 She hastes to some deep sheltered flower
 That grows unseen, alone,
 And breathes on it for many an hour
 Her full affection's tone.
 Yes! such is woman's wayward heart
 By fancy, passion swayed;
 It shuns the smooth discourse of art,
 From tinsel show will widely start,
 To linger in the shade,
 And live content through storm and shower,
 Beside some poor but lovely flower.
 And she, that proud and haughty dame,
 Had loved the humble squire;
 When lowly to her feet he came,
 And told how burned his passion's flame,
 Her own had felt the fire.
 Nor loved she more, or better, since
 She knew the Squire to be a Prince.
 When most she spurned, she loved him best,
 And through her own she pierced his breast!

XVI.

Hark! now the castle's walls around,
 Floats a solemn, funeral sound;
 A sound that stills the pulse with fear,
 As though the earthquake followed near;

Or as upon its mouruful peal
To the sight the dead would steal.

XVII.

1

On the hushed evening stealing,
The chime of vesper bell
Comes o'er a crowd that, kneeling,
Their beads in reverence tell.
Young and old together there
Are bending to the ground,
Pouring each a fervent prayer
Without a breath or sound.
Praying in a trust so deep,
That having prayed their prayer,
They with quiet hearts can sleep
Nor dream of waking care.

2

Why is the church bell pealing
With so sad a chime,
As though it told the stealing
Of some poor soul from time?
And each cheek around is pale,
And eyes with weeping flushed,
But the mourner's solemn wail,
The voice of wo is hushed.
Why so sadly look around
Eyes that hot tears have wet;
As if upon the churchyard ground
O'er some dear loved one met?

3

Oh! the fair broad plains are red
 With Christian warrior's gore,
 And the peasant's life-blood shed
 By hearth and cottage door.
 For the Paynim's foot hath trod
 Across our happy land,
 And castles fair, and shrines of God,
 In tott'ring ruins stand.
 The children, and their mother,
 Sleep coldly side by side ;
 The bridegroom, and the brother,
 By the sister, and the bride.

4

Weep! weep! with bitter weeping,
 Weep for the fair young flowers,
 Whose buds, to life just peeping,
 Died in their summer hours.
 Weep for the strong in manhood,
 The aged, weak, and gray,
 That by our side so oft have stood,
 Passed like the flowers away.
 Yet weep not, breth'ren ;—gird the brand
 To each throbbing side,
 And turn not back 'till each right hand
 In the Paynim's blood is dyed !

5

On! on! to the field of strife ;
 Our country calls—away!

Who flinches dates a coward's life
 From this very day!
 Who dies upon the bloody plain
 In such a cause as this,
 Does but leave a life of pain
 For heaven's eternal bliss.
 On! on! to the holy strife,
 Fear to the winds be given,
 For every Paynim's offered life
 We gain a joy in heaven!

XVIII.

And he was there; he who so sad, so still,
 Reproachless bent to that proud beauty's will;
 He who had loved her with a love so deep,
 'Twas the soul's lethargy, the spirit's sleep;
 Absorbing all, till every sense was dead
 To all beside herself, and that great love
 With all his nature, spirit owned was fed,
 Till all in earth below, or heaven above,
 The past, the present, and all good to be,
 Centered in her, his soul's sole deity.
 All fair imaginations, like broad streams,
 Flowed into that greater than all the rest;
 Thoughts, hopes, desires, the spirit's several beams,
 The great ambition of a noble breast,
 Like sunbeams on an idol, on her shone,
 Painting with gilded warmth a thing of stone.
 All had been hers, and she had scorned them all;—
 The tree had fall'n, and crushed her in its fall.

Walter, the squire, the prince, the loved, the scorned,
 The hopeless one, so sadly, deeply mourned,
 Perchance was now upon a bloody field,
 With no sweet holy memory to yield
 The joy the warrior's swelling bosom knows
 When the loud trump of victory pours its blast,
 And from his field of fame he lightly goes,
 All he has earned on some dear shrine to cast ;
 Or stretched alone upon the groaning plain,
 Racked with fierce thirst and unassisted pain.
 Oh ! had he thought of her and hopeless died ?
 She pressed her fingers to her burning brow,
 And thought—a chaos ;—what to her were now
 Pomp, beauty, pride ;—life was a single thought,
 The agony of love ; remorse late wrought
 Gnawed at her heart-strings ; earth had naught beside ;
 Oh ! dearly had she bought her hour of pride.

XIX.

Ha ! see with marks of strife and speed,
 On battered helm and panting steed,
 A horseman headlong flies ;
 A single look,—a single thrill,
 And brain, and throbbing heart are still,
 To hear—HE lives or dies !
 He gains the place ; it needs not breath,
 For in that eye she reads his death,
 Ere word or message told.
 And as a statue, whose sole stay,
 It's pedestal, is rent away,
 Without a sigh, without a sound,

ISORA sank upon the ground,
As marble like and cold.

XX.

Hark! the shrill note of the trumpet high,
Pells through the depths of the vaulted sky;
The din of the battle-axe comes to the ear,
The ringing clash of the shield and spear;
The earth as to tread of armies quakes;
On its rocky base the castle shakes;
And the air seems whirling and eddying round,
As striving to fly from the fearful sound.

XXI.

Rouse thee! oh, rouse thee, lady dear!
Rouse thee, the Paynim host is near!
They have won the bridge, they have passed the stream,
Nigh and more nigh doth the crescent gleam.
Rouse thee! oh, rouse thee, lady dear,
And fly from the sweep of the Paynim spear!
So spake the vassal, with trembling tone,
As ISORA lay like a form in stone.

XXII.

The Ladye stood in the turret high,
And she saw the Christian army fly;
And the Paynim host, like a raging sea,
Press fiercely in their rear;
Whilst knight, and leader of high degree,
The villain base, and the burgher free,
Fled wildly in their fear.
"Oh shame on knighthood," she cried aloud,
"Is there not one of yon craven crowd

Who dares to stand though the rest may fly,
 And strike for his country's fame—
 Turn back the cowards to victory,
 Or hero-like on the red field die?
 Shame on the cowards! shame!
 By heaven! upon such a noble field
 I could do my devoir under knightly shield,
 And show to the shrinking, the trembling throng,
 That a woman's soul is more proud and strong,
 When her bleeding land, in the stranger's grasp,
 Shivers, and shrinks with a dying gasp,—
 More firm in the might of its pure desire
 Than men whose warmth is ambition's fire.
 Still do they fly? I can pause no more;
 Give me the banner my fathers' bore,
 The sword that flashed bright where it flashed alone,
 And the trump that ne'er rung with a faltering tone,
 But laughed in the battle, and led the cry
 Of France, and Saint Denis for victory!
 The fame of my fathers not yet shall fail,
 Though the last of their line is a woman frail.
 Give me the helmet, the shield, and all;
 By my country's side will I stand or fall."

XXIII.

And she donned the armour that rusting hung,
 And her arm with a holy fury strung;
 Like the prophet peasant, the Maid of France,
 Who buckled on armour, and levelled lance,
 Leading the van of her country's war,
 Till she drove the foe from her native shore;

Till the lion-banner had kissed the earth,
 And the lily sprung with a free new birth ;
 She dashed where the battle raged fierce and wide,
 Where freest gushed the ensanguined tide ;
 Where life was welled forth from the grisly wound,
 And the dead, in huge piles, lay strewed around,
 And many a fixed and stony eye,
 Seemed for the avenger's stroke to cry ;
 And there where the war-flails hardest fell,
 She struck for fair France right fast and well.

XXIV.

But see ! the Christians rally,
 The Paynim columns reel,
 As hill, and plain, and valley,
 Hear a new trumpet peal :
 And a knight comes rushing by
 In sable armour dight,
 As swift as through the sky
 The storm-rack wheels its flight.
 On either side they're shrinking
 From the sweep of that red blade,
 But its keen lip is drinking
 From the well-springs it hath made.
 Like the falcon on the sparrow,
 Like the panther on the deer,
 As swift as the barbed arrow,
 He wheels his course of fear :
 He trusses new quarries fast
 On his strong lance's head,
 And he leaves where'er he's past
 A line of gory dead.

See! the day's fortunes alter!
 On, onward still he gains,
 The Paynims shrink and falter,
 The crescent's triumph wanes.
 The river's choked with slaughter,
 Till 'gainst its war-scathed side,
 For the fair limpid water,
 Rolls on a bloody tide.

Shout! shout! for the day is won,
 Fair France once more is free;
 And the broad red disk of the setting sun,
 Through the war-cloud's pall so thick and dun,
 Looks on a Christian victory!

XXV.

ISORA lay by the river's shore,
 The red falchion by her side,
 That her wearied arm could wield no more;
 And beneath her head, in crimson dyed,
 The banner she'd borne with her house's pride
 Through the thickest of the fight.
 She hears the sound of a horse's feet,
 And she clenches her hand as the foe to meet;
 And her dark eye flashes as fiercely bright
 As when first she drew her brand.
 In vain! in vain! now all weak and worn,
 Her bosom must be by the horse hoofs torn;
 For drops her nerveless hand,
 The eye-flash fades, and her quivering breath
 Seems choked by the icy grasp of death.

XXVI.

And once again she lifts her eyes;
 Where are the gory dead?
 No more beside the stream she lies,
 But on a stately bed,
 With menials watching by her side!
 And for her armour's crimson pride
 She finds her maiden's weed.
 What can it be?—a vision slight,
 That ushers in death's darksome night,
 Or is she safe indeed?

XXVII.

A form bends o'er her; 'tis the sable knight,
 Whose good sword turned the adverse tide of fight.
 "ISORA!"

"WALTER!"

'Tis the noble squire!
 The scorned, the loved, the lost; earth hath no higher,
 No holier joy than this.

He's by her side;

He lives—he loves!

"Wilt be a *Squire's* bride?"

She answered not; but she sank on his breast,
 And the quick heart-sobs all her love confessed.

XXVIII.

Merrily flowed the red, red wine,
 And gayly rung the lyre,
 On the night that the last of her haughty line
 Wedded the Princely Squire!

And now farewell! along my harp-strings dies
The tale of love, and scorn, and high emprise;
Faint and more faint the trembling echoes move,
And dying seem to murmur—love—love—love.

Farewell! and if your voice approve my lay,
I'll write a better at some future day!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DREAM LAND.

Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troupes
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soule,
Conversed with us.

Shirley.

1

Oh! Sleep, that on thy dewy wing,
Uprising from Elysium,
Unto our mortal sense dost bring
Oblivion, all hail!—the hum
Of angel voices in mine ear
Whispers that thy soft step is near.

2

What hast thou brought for me, oh sleep?
Dreams? joyous dreams? or sad and sweet;
Dreams to whose bosom like fair infants creep
Thoughts of old times?—ah! they but cheat,
And wake us in their midst to sigh;
Oh! gentle Sleep, mock not with things gone by!

3

Nor bring thy nightmare hounds to course,
 Acteon like, o'er rock and marsh ;
 Now distant baying deep and hoarse,
 Now nearer yelping loud and harsh,
 Within the sleeper's startled ear,
 Till every joint is shook with fear.

4

And, striving still away to speed,
 His tottering limbs refuse to lend
 Their usual office to his need ;
 Another moment ;—they will rend
 Him piece by piece ;—a gasp—a pause—
 And waking, he escapes their jaws.

5

Treat me not so, sweet sleep—be kind !
 And bear, as swift as Iris flies
 Upon the pinions of the wind,
 To fairy realms, or summer skies,
 Where on the brow the pleasant hours
 Rest like fair wreaths of scented flowers.

6

Bear me to old Scamander's shores,
 Or where the mighty swelling Nile
 Its turbid current ever pours
 By pyramid, and mystic pile,
 Perchance reared by those Sultans' power
 Who reigned ere Adam's natal hour.

There, by some broken column's side,
 That, crushed beneath the foot of age,
 Crumbles away like all earth's pride,
 I'll dream I read the storied page
 That tells of pomp, and vanished state,
 When Greece was strong, and Egypt great.

Sleep, bring such dreams as these to me,
 And I will hail the death of light,
 As they, who used of old to see
 Man's fortunes in the stars of night.
 Ah! gentle Sleep! I feel thee now:
 How thy soft breathing cools my brow!

LOVE'S WISH.

Oh dea certe!

Virgil.

Her beaming eye; her full lip's pouting swell,
 Love's garden set in roseate mischief deep,
 Wherein he plants, with smile-born flowers, a spell
 To lure poor hearts within its round, and keep
 In wasting, unfed hope, that pines to reap
 Joy's teeming harvest in a single kiss,
 And lives unblest, yet looks on fields of bliss.

2

The graceful outline bounding in her form,
 Whereof all other forms are counterfeit;
 Thoughts from the soul's alembic, rich and warm,
 Framed to sure weapons by a matchless wit,
 Yet spoke so sweet they hurt not when they hit;
 Or if they do, let pain no more endure,
 But till a smile can come and work its cure.

3

Her noble presence, nature's majesty,
 Borne o'er the base earth with a swimming gait,
 Making all hearts her followers to be;
 Or, when she stops, in pleased desire to wait,
 And count no loss however time may flee,
 For that she seems of right time's keeper grown,
 And leaves no ear for voice beside her own.

4

And when she speaks, a hundred echoes near
 Wait for her words; then, swift-winged heralds fly
 Their sweet report of loveliness to bear
 To those whom cruel fortune doth deny
 Such perfect record as the clerkly eye,
 With thought for pen, and heart for book, quick writes,
 Lest sense should lose what surely heaven indites.

5

How vain! that I thus calculate of her,
 Whose beauty's sum no words can full express;
 For though I could an age pale death defer,
 And, for each second, some perfection dress

In words, that rag-like, cover it the less
 The more I strive to wrap it in its fold,
 She would be all unpraised when I was cold.

6

Oh! then could thought of my poor worth but glide
 In any shape within her heart to rest,
 I'd cast away all that of me beside
 Lived separate from that thought, alone, unblest,
 And that one thought that chambered in her breast,
 My body, soul, life, every thing should be,
 Breathe with her breath, and with her seeing see.

WE ARE THE FOOLS OF TIME.

Manfred.

1

“THE dead and witching hour of night,” is passed,
 But slumber hath not her oblivion sweet
 O'er sense and wearied spirit kindly cast;
 I turn me from the place where thronging meet
 The little world, who in a ball-room greet,
 And with the ready jest and thoughtless smile,
 Betray the hours that time can ne'er repeat,
 Masking with outward show the cold heart's guile,
 To hold communion with *my other self* awhile.

2

There's nothing that I see but I could love !

There's naught the world's great architect hath wrought,
Which matter binds in sleep, or soul doth move
To life and action, and inform with thought,
But I've from its indwelling beauty caught
A feeling as of kindred, a desire
For the sweet wisdom by that beauty taught,
Whether the smallest flower it inspire,
Or write upon the heavens, in lines of light'ning fire.

3

I've watched the tempest burst o'er Catskill's height,
When from his hand, the hiding of his power,
GOD hurled his storm-bolts with unerring flight,
Scatt'ring the mighty trees that heavenward tower,
While the affrighted hills did quake and cower,
As tho' upon the tempest's voice was poured,
In the dread thunder of his angry hour,
The awful accents of the tempest's LORD—
And I have felt the joy such scenes alone afford !

4

I've wandered in the silent hours of night
Along the margin of broad Hudson's wave,
And fancied that the moonbeams soft and bright,
Were Dian and her nymphs who there did lave
In the clear waters, which reflecting gave
Their mirror'd beauties back ; while murm'ring trees,
Beneath the banks that rose in shadows grave,
Bent o'er its bosom to the passing breeze,
As from their wat'ry counterfeits a kiss to seize.

5

And of the brimming cup, that nature fills
 With the ennobling essence which each part
 Of her most glorious workmanship distils,
 I've deeply drank, till I forgot the smart
 Of a proud spirit and a restless heart,
 In sweet oblivion of the troubled past ;
 And like the mariner, when human art
 Yields to the calm that binds his vessel fast,
 In quiet dreams the anchor of my soul have cast.

6

And nature meets our love, o'er this fair earth
 Beams, through each added year, the same bright sky,
 That shone upon the moment of our birth ;
 There is no poison in her cup, no lie
 In her soft accents and alluring eye,
 Or the bright flowers she wreaths around its brim,
 No ! but if these thoud'st find, list to the sigh
 Of woman, mark her glance, alas ! not dim,
 There doth the falsehood lurk, and *deadliest poison*
swim !

7

Ah, he who hopes to find in woman's love
 That happiness for which the heart doth yearn,
 Is like the star-watcher who looks above,
 Where palely with an unknown light they burn,
 And as from star to star his eye doth turn,
 Fancies them peopled all with beings bright !

He wakens from his dream to sadly learn
 He can but see the outward form and light—
 What deeper lies within is hid from mortal sight !

8

Where shall I turn—to friendship ? I'm alone,
 Companions have I few ; and of that few,
 Beats not for me e'en in the breast of one
 A throb of friendship pure, or feeling true ;
 And were I to pour out, as here I do,
 To them, the thoughts from truth and feeling born,
 As rhapsodies unmeaning they would view
 The fruitless wishes over which I mourn,
 And meet with passing jest, or fool's detracting scorn.

9

Or if imagination soars aloft,
 And half forgets the world in fancies high,
 Just as it breathes an inspiration soft,
 And mid the clouds that on a sunset sky
 Flash back, as from earth's brightest jewelry,
 The thousand glories by the day-god given,
 A path of roseate brilliance can descry,
 To the declining majesty of Heaven,
 As thro' their shadowy piles it were for angels riven ;

10

And while each faculty is strained to hear,
 Expecting every moment that some sound,
 With deepest mysteries fraught, upon the ear
 Will thrilling burst thro' the thick silence round ;

Then from foul fen and bog of earthly ground
 Roll up the world's impurities—and all
 Wherein the soul had full expansion found,
 Is hidden by the darkly shadowing pall
 Wrought o'er our mental sight by our first father's fall:

11

But even when thus backward forced, and taught
 The limits beyond which we may not go,
 Through the wrought mind's recesses wand'reth thought,
 Glorious, and spirit-like; but dim, as tho'
 The essence were too pure for words to show
 Its form, or fashion out to certainty,
 A moment; it is gone, ere we can know
 Or how, or when, whilst thrilling frame and eye,
 Do shake and quail from things for mortal sense too high.

12

And thus we are "*the fools of time*,"—whate'er
 We seek to know, or greatly would begin,
 Fades quick away, ere we can say, "'tis here!"
 Such are we now—nor hath time ever been,
 Since first our god-like nature, fouled by sin,
 Rushed on its downward course with loosened rein,
 That any could to thought unshackled win,
 And soar away from lowly perch and chain,
 To look undazed and free on heaven's fair sun again!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

FROM THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES.

1

SEE! what huge clouds of dust appear;
 Wise speechless heralds of the foe;
 And loud the startling sound we hear
 Of horse-hoofs on the plain below.

2

On! on they come! with threatening deep,
 They roar around our trembling walls,
 Like mountain streams that wildly leap
 In thunder o'er their rocky falls.

3

Like mountain streams when autumn rain
 Hath swoll'n them to a torrent strong,
 And o'er the ruined, groaning plain,
 They pour their conquering waves along.

4

So now against us rush the foe,
 Their hearts are black, their shields are white;
 As billows rear a crest of snow,
 Whilst all beneath is dark as night.

5

On! on they come! away, away!
 Fly to the altars near and far;
 Bow at the shrines, and meekly pray—
 Great gods avert the scourge of war.

LIFE IS A VAPOR!

Oh! what are the shows of our life, which so fast
 Die off and descend to the grave of the past ;—
 The enjoyments of riches, the conq'ror's command,
 Oh! what are they all but poor figures of sand ?
 When to form them through years of vexation we've striven,
 They crumble to dust at the breathing of Heaven !
 The mirage that cheats the worn traveller's eyes
 With waters which seem in the desert to rise,
 'Till hope can already their sweet coolness taste,
 But which vanish and leave the false plain still more waste ;
 The vapor that rises at breaking of day,
 On morning's soft breath floating slowly away,
 'Till the sun, starting up from his wave-curtained bed,
 Looks through its dull wreath, and for ever 'tis fled ;
 The visions fantastic night brings to the mind,
 Which depart with the morn and leave nothing behind,
 Are all unsubstantial—they rise but to fall,
 Yet the hopes of our youth are more fleeting than all !
 The grass that springs up at the morning's first dawn,
 When the wind passeth o'er it is faded and gone ;
 The cloud may float high in the air for an hour,
 But it breaks, and the earth drinks the quick-falling shower ;
 The wind travels on through the regions of space,
 But it brings us no message, and leaves us no trace,
 As in zephyrs or tempests, it whispers or blows,
 To tell whence it cometh, or whither it goes.

The grass, and the cloud, and the wind pass away,
 In an instant are born, in an instant decay,
 And quickly as thought speeds the death-burdened ball—
 Yet our youth's fond desire flies swifter than all!

Then why should we always be children, and toil
 For the things which at last on our own heads recoil;
 Why spend all our strength for a pittance of bread,
 And leave the ne'er satisfied spirit unfed?
 Our natures immortal on nothings employ,—
 Build houses of cards that a touch can destroy?
 When time, and the things in its circle that move,
 Its cares, and its wishes, wealth, honour, and love,
 As surely and soon from the strongest shall fade,
 As the sun leaves the dial to night's dreary shade;—
 When the life of a world in eternity 'll be
 As a river that's lost in a fathomless sea;
 For the proud, and the humble, the monarch and slave,
 Are heirs to a common possession—the grave!

Oh! rather forgetting the things which behind
 Draw backward to painted delusions the mind,
 Should we strive to advance to the things that before
 Stand beckoning on to a heavenly shore:
 That our thoughts, like sweet incense, tho' mortal their
 birth,
 And kindled below upon altars of earth,
 Still higher and higher each moment may rise,
 And fade from the world as they roll to the skies!

ONCE MORE! ONCE MORE!

There's music heard upon her deck,
The mariner's song of home!

Halleck.

1

ONCE more! once more, the shores I see
Of that dear land, where first mine eye,
With childhood's glance, undimmed and free,
Looked on the broad, all-arching sky;
And memory bears me back again
To hours of joy, through years of pain.

2

Hark! now upon the evening air
Stealeth the solemn, vesper chime,
Like whisp'rings from the days that were,
To tell me of my childhood's time;
Alas! their sad unvaried tone
Speaks only this—gone—gone—all gone.

3

Still yon fair city's murmuring noise
Comes to me with a soothing strain,
My native tongue, my country's voice
Speaks thus my welcome home again;
Home to the fairest land on earth,
But home to a deserted hearth.

4

No more, no more shall I behold
Thy face, my sister ; things less dear
Have more of earth in them, and hold
Their places longer on its sphere ;
But thou wert only born to die,
And leave an angel's memory.

5

No more, no more at close of day,
My mother, wilt thou bless thy child ;
And while the twilight hour away
With song, or Moorish legend wild ;
For mother, sister, all are gone,
And I am left,—and left alone !

ON A STOLEN FLOWER.

TO E. W——.

Who hath not heard of the lake of Cachemere,
 With its roses, the brightest that earth ever gave;
 Its temples and grottoes, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over its wave.

Moore.

1

OH! doubly dear is stolen sweet,
 And doubly dear the stolen flower,
 Which, voiceless all, doth still repeat
 Its tale of many a pleasant hour.

2

It was a dangerous thing to steal,
 Circled with such a thorny guard;
 But where's the man would shrink to feel
 Some pain, if this were his reward?

3

For on its perfumed bosom lie,
 Pillowed upon a blushing bed,
 The first heart-drop, and lover's sigh
 That touched the *rose*, and dyed it red.

4*

4

For ere Love bent his fatal bow,
 Each rose upon the earth that grew,
 Was white and fair as driven snow,
 He shot, and lo! its gory hue.

5

Yet still, whilst free from touch or stain,
 It tells of joys to mortals given,
 Which shed awhile o'er earth's dull plain
 The fragrance, and the bloom of heaven.

6

And oft 'twill while the heart away
 From brooding o'er a weary lot,
 To memories of a happier day,
 And pleasant scenes, almost forgot.

7

And in its softest perfume dwells
 The eastern maid's confession sweet;
 Who with its breath her passion tells,
 And calls her lover to her feet.

8

But deeper meaning still I find;
 This blushing hue and fragrancy,
 By nature's hand were both combined
 To make the rose a type of thee.

WE PART.

1

WE part! 'twere death to speak those words,
 Did we never meet again;
 But when shadows rest on the silent air,
 And fays for their midnight sports prepare,
 As they gather from far to their revelry,
 I'll watch alone by the greenwood tree,
 But not for their tiny train.

2

For then thou wilt come to me, love,
 And my watch thine eyes will light;
 And warm the heart of the watchman too,
 With a light as steady, and purely true,
 As ever burned upon Vesta's shrine,
 Or flashed on high through the halls divine;
 'Tis for *them* I'll watch by night.

3

Fast, fast may day's dull hours speed,
 And night's dark chariot roll,
 'Till the hour come when the fates have given
 To place on earth's record a page of heaven;
 Then our pen shall be made of a moonbeam fair,
 And with thy lip's sweet dew I will write it there,
 A chronicle of the soul!

JOSEPH.

I.

SELL not the lad, my brethren, for a slave ;
 Bring not our father's hairs, so thin and gray,
 By this foul deed with sorrow to the grave !—
 Think you he'll love his Joseph less, away ?—
 The bitter tears, that manhood cannot stay,
 For him who once the twilight hour beguiled :
 The anguished voice, as he bows down to pray
 For you who kneel with garments blood-defiled,
 Will tell how much he loves his unforgotten child !

II.

But Reuben's words fell upon hate-stopped ears ;
 They looked on Joseph's coat of varied dye,
 And envious said—Shall ineffectual tears
 This painted minion for a dotard buy ?—
 Shall men be frightened with a wat'ry eye ?
 Must we, for such a toy, be held in scorn ?—
 Thrown in the shade of *this* that's scarce as high
 As one poor cubit ?—like base trappings worn
 On this chit's flaunting dress, this petted younger born ?—

III.

Away !—we gave his life to thy fond prayer :
 Urge us no more, or worse perchance may fall

Upon his head, and thine!—Would'st task thy care
 To keep him here who thus o'ertops us all?—
 We know thou would'st! but we are not so small,
 So poor in soul, as to bow down before
 This dreamer's sheaf; so abject low, to crawl
 To what his daintiness rejects.—No more!
 We're men, and scorn to creep that worms like this may
 soar.

IV.

Thus envy glosses, what it seeks in spite,
 With show of anger at injustice done,
 Charging the wrong, that lends it base delight,
 With serpent cunning on the injured one.
 Like savage, untaught men, whose natures run
 As wild and uninform'd as senseless brute;
 Who crouch at storms and worship the broad sun,
 And yet have skill to draw from fairest fruit
 Poison to make their arrows deadly when they shoot.

V.

They sold their brother to a wand'ring band,
 And joyed among themselves that he no more
 Betwixt them and their father's love would stand.
 They dyed his garments red, and homeward bore
 To wring that father's heart with fiendish store
 Of well consorting lies. He sees it now;—
 His child is dead;—his fond high hopes are o'er!—
 "'Tis his!"—he cried, and pressed his throbbing brow;
 "My son! my darling child! my Joseph, where art thou?"

VI.

What recks it to the *Christian* where he be,
 In palace proud, or in most loathsome cell,
 Companioned with distress and misery?
 (Proud fools may scorn—their steps take hold on hell)
 For GOD is with him there, and all is well!—
 Uncheer'd by the soft air, or sun's bright beam,
 Long months, such months as pris'ners only tell,
 He lay confined.—Hark! did that voice but seem?—
 “Bring forth the Hebrew lad to tell the King his dream.”

VII.

Pharaoh, in pomp of eastern majesty,
 Of gold and pearl on royal purple spread;
 Girt round by slaves who watch his changeful eye,
 By iron warriors who his armies led,
 And Magi sage in mysteries deeply read,
 With music stealing o'er the scented air,
 And every sense right delicately fed,
 Sat in such gloomy silence, as he were
 From soulless marble wrought to show the form of care.

VIII.

“Ha!” cried the king, upstarting from his throne,
 “Is this the man?—Hear, then, what I have dreamed.
 I saw seven goodly kine, in flesh well grown,
 Feed in a meadow; then other seven seemed
 To feed beside them, but so lean, I deemed
 They scarce had strength to eat the herbage green:
 The sunshine almost through their bodies beamed;—
 And yet the fat were eaten by the lean!—
 Explain me, therefore, now, this curious thing I've seen.”

IX.

Then Joseph spake before the Egyptian King,
 Whilst magi, priest and peer around him stand
 Incredulous, but greatly wondering,—

“ Yet seven years, and plenty o’er the land
 Shall scatter corn with an unstinted hand :—

Then seven more shall want besiege each door,
 ’Till none for aught but food shall make demand !

Thus warned, oh king ! e’er plenteous years be o’er,
 Prepare ’gainst years of dearth, and lay up plenteous
 store.”

X.

Quick spoke the king—“ Who can we find like thee,
 Thro’ whom thy GOD doth hidden things make known,
 Our guide and guardian in such straits to be ?

Now, therefore, this our realm no power shall own
 Greater than thine, save but the king’s alone !”

Then upon Joseph’s hand he put his ring,
 And made him as the pillar of his throne,

Whilst every knee did bow, and homage bring
 To the poor shepherd boy,—now viceroy to the king.

XI.

Where lay the charm that so o’erswayed his state ?

In human strength, or wisdom’s subtle might ?
 Not so ;—none bled to make the shepherd great,
 No toilsome schemes divorçed sweet sleep from night,
 Or made the day a stranger to delight.

Not so ;—no help but from his GOD he sought,
 He formed no scheme, save that of doing right.

And slave or prince, to GOD his cares he brought;—
 GOD was his succour still, and all his wisdom taught.

XII.

GOD, by his virtue, raised him to a height
 More proud than e'er did blood-dyed conqueror gain;
 For honours, conquest-bought, can only light
 Their puppet-bearers o'er life's narrow plain;
 But they who triumph o'er the hosts of hell,
 When death is dead shall deathless crowns obtain;
 —Then is not this what Joseph's tale doth tell?
He shall in all find good, who doth in all things well.

 TO A LUMP OF ICE.

Written in August, Ther. 90°

1

OH! shining lump in happiest hour,
 When wintry heavens dark did lour,
 By chemic nature formed;
 Ne'er shalt thou in thy native stream,
 Beneath the sun's dissolving beam,
 Be back to fluid warmed.

2

No vapory monument of spray
 Shall ever mark thy passage way
 To Sol's ethereal home ;
 Nor ever shalt thou gem the flower
 In summer morn's soft opening hour,
 Ere fiercer heat hath come.

3

Thy fate's pronounced—a moment more,
 And all the wit, and all the power
 E'er held within the earth,
 To ice, to dew-drop, or to rain,
 Thy particles to call again,
 Were less than nothing worth.

4

Lo! near me stands a well fill'd bowl,
 ('Tis but water, or I'm an owl,)
 And thou to it shall yield
 Whate'er of cooling virtue lies
 Within thy glittering mass, oh Ice!
 Be still!—your doom is sealed.

5

Pish! rat the ice;—'tis melted all,
 Ere duteous to poetic call,
 From coolest themes I cease ;
 Ah! thus doth disappointment still
 Linger in every cup we fill !
 John! bring another piece.

THEFT REWARDED.

1

HER eyes effect none seeing may deny ;
 Her cheek hath stole the blushing of the morn,
 Whereon in rows, her lashes fall and lie
 Like to the bars at heaven's gate, which warn
 All who to sin's inheritance are born,
 Not to approach their barrier towards,
 For spirits guard within, with lightning swords.

2

Alas ! I would have played Prometheus' part,
 To give this clay its life a glance I stole,
 And hid the fire close in my beating heart ;
 Presumptuous thought ! my insufficient soul
 Could not at all its powerful guest control ;
 My heart consumed did expiate my theft,
 And yet I care not, for that fire is left.

3

Two natures have I now, alike divine,
 My soul's quick essence stirring in my brain,
 To thank thee, dearest, that a glance of thine,
 In my heart's stead, doth my heart's place maintain ;
 And *that*, which, all hearts lost, were such a gain
 As their poor flame, erst fed with earthly thought,
 Could quick relume with fire from heaven brought.

ANACREONTIC.

HIDDEN LOVE.

BESIDE a stream one lovely day,
Young Cupid loitered on his way,
And watched awhile with sparkling glance
The rainbow-coloured bubbles dance;
Pleased with their brilliant hues, the boy
Imagined them some beauteous toy;
And, ever caught by something new,
He thought he'd like to have a few,
So cast aside his shafts and bow,
And plunged to chase the glitt'ring show.
Just then you chanced to come that way,
As on the bank his weapons lay,—
Took up a shaft, in sportive mood,
And winged it to a neighbouring wood;
Alas, for me! the arrow flew
To its mischievous nature true,
And sudden fixed its pleasing smart
Within my unprotected heart,
As, deep amid embowering shade,
I watched the urchin as he played,
And smiled to see him strive to take
The bubbles that in seizing break.
At last he left the fruitless chase;
But when he reached his starting place

He saw his arrows strewed around,
 And one of them could not be found ;
 Then loud he laughed, for well he knew
 Whatever hand the bow that drew,
 The poisoned shaft that once was his,
 Though aimless sent, could never miss.

TO BESSIE.

1

I'm lonely, coz, without thee,
 I miss thee all the while ;
 And what we used to laugh at,
 Now cannot make me smile ;
 For I do miss thy laugh, coz,
 To echo mine again ;
 And the sounds of lonely mirth,
 Seemed pleasure mocked by pain.
 Yet sometimes, coz, when heavily
 On earth night's shadows'lean,
 Laugh low, and I will echo it,
 Though many a mile's between.

2

I'm lonely, coz, without thee ;
 I miss thee most at eve,

When through the hastening hours
 We used wild tales to weave ;
 And, starting oft, would marvel
 To hear so late a chime,
 As we talked of wondrous things
 In the far olden time.
 And now when I think of them,
 I turn to tell them thee,
 But thou art no more by my side,
 And I think them silently.

3

'Tis hard to be thus severed
 From things to us most dear ;
 But after summer comes, coz,
 The winter of the year ;
 Yet though all things are changing,
 Some changes pleasure bring,
 For after winter's dead, coz,
 Breaks forth the merry spring.
 Then come coz, with the zephyr,
 The birds, the pleasant flowers ;
 Come back ! and, as we used to do,
 We'll frolic with the hours.

WHERE SHALL LOVE REST?

1

OH! where shall wearied Love seek rest;
 With travel worn, and sore?
 Where pleasure holds gay revelry,
 Whilst laughter keeps the door?
 Not there! not there! the opiate bowl
 May lull the sense, but not the soul;
 And foolish mirth lends widest way
 To sudden, and to sure decay.

2

Say! should he seek the court, the camp,
 Those scenes of hollow strife;
 Or fly to where the hermit stern
 Drags on a changeless life.
 Not there! not there! ambition's glance
 Sees but the fame-attaining lance;
 And hoary hermit's selfishness
 Admits no thought of love's distress.

3

Or should he lay him on a pile
 Of books all riddled o'er,
 Companions of the student pale,
 Who pauseless cons their lore?
 Not there! not there! cold is their breast,
 And filled with doubts; love could not rest;—

They wrote, he reads, and reads for naught,
But writing to be greater thought.

4

No ! let him seek the captive's cell,
He'll share with him his cot,
And clutch as life's last, dearest gift,
Love that forsakes him not.

There ! there he may in quiet rest,
A blessing, and a thing most blest ;
And wake to find glad swimming eyes
Still watching o'er him as he lies.

5

Or let him come to woman's heart
In sunshine or in storm,
She'll open quick, and let him in,
And wrap him close and warm.

For be she widow, wife, or maid,
Whate'er her powers, whate'er her grade,
Her heart, next to Olympus' dome,
Is love's own perfect, dearest home.

6

Yet courtier, student, soldier, priest,
Or whatsoe'er ye be,
If wearied Love knocks at your door,
Oh ! drive him not from thee ;

For he will seek some other home,
And ne'er again towards thee roam ;
But let him in, and he will prove
How heavenly sweet a guest is Love.

“GOD CAME FROM TEMAN.”

FOUNDED ON THE LAST CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

I.

WHY fell the chill of terror on my heart ;
 Why shrunk my sinews, till my tott'ring frame,
 Seized with a trembling in its every part,
 All weak and nerveless instant-quick became :
 And closed mine eyes as with some heavy shame,
 Turn'd on the thoughts within my bosom laid,
 From their dread look more dreadful things to frame,
 And dared not ope lest sight had worse displayed ?
 The mighty GOD did speak, and I was sore afraid ?

II.

GOD came from Teman ; from huge Paran's hill
 He swept abroad with space-outmeasuring tread ;
 His praise earth's every secret nook did fill,
 His glory covered heaven's unbounded spread ;
 His brightness with such light was round him shed,
 As when the sun his fiercest rays doth shower
 Upon a shrinking world ; and there were dread
 Bright beams, from which the elements did cower,
 Forth issuing from his hand, the hiding of his power !

III.

Before him went the pestilence, whose breath,
 Poisoned at sin's unfailing fount of wo,

Destroyed whole nations with a single death ;
 And burning coals forth at his feet did go.
 He stood and measured out the earth below ;
 He looked and drove asunder nations proud,
 From towered cities, with a single blow ;
 Perpetual hills bowed when he spake aloud,
 Yea ! everlasting hills were scattered like a cloud.

IV.

Deep grief was spread o'er Cushan's tents of gloom,
 And Midian's curtains shook from side to side.
 Why bowed the swarthy Ethiop low ? From whom ?
 Came the strong blow that tamed his vaunting pride ?
 Was HE displeas'd against the river's tide ;
 Was His fierce wrath against the groaning sea ?
 Aye ! on the swelling waves the LORD did ride,
 As on proud steeds that foamed impatiently,
 To crush th' Egyptian's might, and set his people free.

V.

The mountains saw him, and they trembled sore
 At the dread lightning of his angry eye,
 Shaking as with an earthquake's troubled roar ;
 The mighty floods of waters hastened by ;
 The deep gave forth his voice, and raised on high
 His multitudinous hands ; the moon and sun
 Stood in their habitations in the sky,
 As still as tho' their destined course was run,
 When his bright shaft and spear to walk in light begun.

VI.

Right through the land in his o'erwhelming wrath,
 Threshing the heathen small, the Avenger trod,

Remorse and wild despair upon his path,
 Destruction dire where lightest fell his rod!—
 But whilst his anger swallowed like a flood,
 That whelms in ruin city, plain, and grove,
 All who in heart had said “There is no God,”—
 His mercy did to his true children prove,
 How greater than his wrath was his redeeming love.

VII.

They who came out as whirlwinds, backward fled
 Like chaff blown from a summer threshing floor;
 His mighty arm clove through each high tossed head!
 They laughed at slaughter,—they shall laugh no more;
 Nor shall they weep;—for none shall live to pour
 The dirge of grief o'er prince or crouching slave;
 In less than time's least point, the conflict o'er,
 He'll take what for more noble use he gave,
 And they shall sleep *unwept* in an unhallowed grave.

VIII.

Yet, tho' no more upon the loaded vine,
 The rich full grape shall hang in clusters, where
 The sun most bright doth on Judea shine,
 Nor e'er again the fig tree blossom fair;—
 Tho' olives fail, and to the labourer's care
 The fields shall yield no meat;—nor from the plain
 The herds re-seek the stalls which they prepare;—
 We will rejoice!—for freed from earth and pain,
 On feet like hinds we'll haste, with GOD in bliss to reign

LOVE DOES NOT ALWAYS COME WITH YEARS.

1

LOVE does not always come with years,
 That happy hearts may live together ;
 Its rainbow hues are born of tears,
 And quickly fade with sunny weather ;
 When smiles are brought by every thing,
 We live in our own exultation,
 But fly, when deepest sorrows wring,
 To love, and love finds consolation.

2

Love tunes the soul to melody,
 To echo, in each softer feeling,
 The warblings sweet, that through the sky
 From angel harps are gently stealing ;
 But leaves the richly swelling tone,
 Which speeds the hours of joy and gladness,
 To dwell where sorrow sits alone,
 And linger in the sigh of sadness.

3

The fairest form may slowly fade,
 And die in loveliness unheeded,
 Like some sweet rill that gushed in shade,
 And to its end through shades proceeded :
 Whilst upon forms less soft and sweet,
 Love's joy-lit smile is brightly glowing,
 As trees the sunbeam's kisses meet,
 But shade *that* rill beneath them flowing.

4

And oft he comes, as unto me,
 When least his presence is expected,
 For as my bark swam carelessly
 Upon life's tide, by chance directed,
 Unseen by me the helm he seized,
 And finding he was unresisted,
 He guided me to where he pleased,
 Whilst mischief-breathing winds assisted.

5

I saw her, and a single glance,
 Wrote on my soul her full perfection ;
 And Love, who formed that countenance,
 Hid me awhile from her detection,
 And smiled, as he stood watching by,
 To see my glance in rapture turning
 From form, and feature, to the eye
 Where his own magic fire was burning.

6

I saw her ; and that moment gave
 In its brief space more perfect pleasure,
 Than ever passion's gilded slave
 Bought with a world of squandered treasure.
 It past ;—perchance I ne'er again
 May see that face ; yet it will cheer me,
 Where'er I rove, through joy or pain,
 In dreams to think it still is near me.

THERE'S SOMETHING IN WOMAN.

1

THERE'S something in woman, I cannot tell what,
 That's very delightful, I don't really know why!
 Her truth, or her worth, or her heart it is not,
 And I should'nt much wonder if 'twas *all in my eye*.

2

Yet love, when I gaze on that beautiful face,
 And the thrill of my heart trembles forth in a sigh,
 The soft odors of heaven seem filling the place,
 And I feel *that* at least is not *all in my eye*.

3

Though the fables they tell of the golden fleece,
 Were as certain as sunlight at morn to the sky,
 And I could possess it, like Jason of Greece,
 Without you I'd scorn it—*its all in my eye*.

4

Oh! look in my breast, and you'll see in each part,
 That its pulse to thy glance beats low, or beats high;
 You cannot?—then think that the thoughts of that heart,
 In their purest devotion, are *all in my eye*.

5

They prate of their Didos, and Helens so rare,
 But if, leaving all others, to me you would fly,
 Though epics they've writ to prove each of them fair,
 I'd not care a straw, were they *all in my eye*.

6

Then heed not the flatt'ries, and vows insincere,
 Of those who like Parthians wound but to fly,
 But rest on the pure love I offer, nor fear
 That you ever can cease to be *all in my eye*.

A R E V E R I E .

Why at twilight's silent hour,
 Come memory's thoughts with stronger power ?

THE tall trees sighed to the evening's breath,
 As it passed on its viewless way,
 And the sky was moist'ning, with gentle tears,
 The grave of a buried day.
 There seemed in the wind, as it hurried on,
 A low and mournful tone,
 Like the sigh wrung forth from the lonely breast,
 For the loved and early gone ;
 Or the heart's low moan, when the tempest strife
 Of passion hath passed it by,
 And it only feels that it still exists
 In the throb of its agony !

I sat alone,—around, were rock and wood,
 And with soft murmuring, a mountain flood,

Now shrunk by summer, to the twilight air
 Babbled in music sweet ; as though there were
 In every thing inanimate a beam,
 Holding communion with each kindred gleam
 Of the great spirit of the beautiful,
 Which felt, though seen not, still pervades the whole !

And I too, felt it—but 'twas sadly sweet,
 For all that love me, or whose love I meet
 With a full heart's acceptance and return,
 Were far away ; and as my breast would yearn
 For but one draught of those deep joys that lie
 Within the fount of love and sympathy,
 Fond memory painted, on the twilight's haze,
 My father's look, my mother's earnest gaze—
 Such as I've seen her, when, while all else slept,
 Unto my couch of pain she softly crept,
 To soothe the anguish of her sickly boy ;
 No thought of self, nor grain of base alloy
 Within her breast, one fretful line to trace,
 Or cloud the brightness of that angel face !
 Oh, no ! her soul, as glorious as the gem
 That brightest gleams in seraph's diadem,
 Still shone through all, with love's immortal ray,
 Though mixed with matters base, and set in clay !

Then came thick crowding fancies from the past,
 But, like the shadows that around me cast
 Their lengthened gloom, vague and uncertain fell,
 And seemed more of a former state to tell,

II.

I love none better, though I've seen more fair,
 For that within feeds not on outward show ;
 A statue doth each full proportion bear
 That marks to sight all we of beauty know ;
 The imitation of well tutored art
 Smooths shrewish voices, shades right scornful eyes
 To softest seeming ;—'till their well played part
 Into their ambushed wiles do us surprise.
 But therefore love I her, for that her voice
 Is nature's pipe, whose stops art never knew ;
 And that her words unthought on, and yet choice,
 Are truly sweet, as they are sweetly true ;
 And oh ! that in her eye the gleam and tear,
 Pity and Mirth like angel twins appear.

III.

I love but her ; and love with such expense,
 Such prodigal outlay upon her pour,
 That naught is left me for mine own defence ;
 And I must die if she will not restore
 A look, a sigh, a thought unto my need,
 In lieu of that which freely I her gave ;
 Then happier bound to her, than Emperor, freed,
 If she but let me live, to live her slave.
 I'd chide the sun for lingering in the east,
 And long for day that I might do her will ;
 Yea, life should be but one continual feast,
 Though coarsest food were mine, and scanted still ;
 For absent I do merely death defer,
 But live indeed then when I live with her.

EPIGRAM,

ON A RHYMESTER VERY FOND OF THE COMPANY OF
POETS.

Qui fit Mæcenas. *Hor.*

Who made Mæcenas? *School-boy's translation.*

THERE'S no one lives but has a hobby-horse,
To bear his whims along life's dusty course.
Some, throat full of fire, ride the battle's smoke,
Some shake their sides and canter on a joke;
Some, like a friend of mine, one Pompous Fribble,
Commit some cantos, and begin to scribble;
One novels reads and swears the wondrous tale,
How "Captain Kyd" for murder went to jail,
Gains the Professor, few men know what of,
Whether religion, plagiary, or love;
Therefore for want of better information
Touching his fitness for a learned station,
We'll say, gains Captain Kyd, with those who've read it,
What he but seldom found, a *deal of credit*.
The merchant piles with care his hard won gold,
The maiden bears her breast to winter's cold,
Or, shading with mere gossamer her skin,
Dares snow without to show the snow within.
And so all choose their steed, and on they go,
Till death their bridle catches, and cries "whoa!"
But poets have small choice, and for their rhymes,
And such like huge, and most unheard of crimes,

Mixed with a busy world of brainless geese,
 And forced, in outward show, the crowd to please,
 Levelled with apes and fools, they oft perforce
 Bestride some ambling jackass for a horse ;
 Or sometimes fortune, for an age-long hour,
 Betrays them to a button-holder's power ;
 Like him whom " swinish phraze " should broadly show
 As monarch of all biped bores below ;
 Arch Scribbler Fribble, who, I soon could shew it,
 Is ne'er content unless he rides a poet.
 There, mark him well !—nay ! fear not, it won't bite.
 What monstrous ears !—who e'er has seen the sight,
 Alas ! the SEE-ers have been far from few,
 Would swear a jackass rode the poet too.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

I

THE night is dark and still, love,
 Thick clouds are on the sky,
 And not a star peeps out, love,
 Our interview to spy.
 Draw then the cloudy curtain,
 That veils thee from my sight,
 And shine the brightest planet
 That looks upon the night ;

Shine out, that never more, love,
 This wild quick heart may err,
 But from thine aspect learn its fate,
 Love's sweet astrologer.

2

Oh! did'st thou know how sorrow
 Seeks for thee when away,
 Thou wouldst not hide so long, love,
 Thy care-dispelling ray.
 See! now the clouds are breaking,
 The cold moon looks on me,
 Wilt thou more harsh and stern, love,
 Than prudish Dian be!
 No! shine with thy full radiance,
 The beauteous star of love,
 Shine forth! an earthly planet
 More fair than aught above.

THE DEAD SEA.

I.

THE night air passed quickly across that sad lake,
 On whose sluggish bosom no zephyr can wake
 The foam-crested billow that curls to the breeze,
 But on it heaves with a heavy roll,
 Like the sounding surge of those sulph'rous seas,
 Whose every wave is a damned soul,
 That struggling tosses the burning spray,
 And shrieks for the thirst it may never allay.

II.

High, high o'er its breast, with a deep, hollow tread,
 Through the vastness of space the evening breeze sped,
 Nor stopped nearer the earth till the lake was passed,
 And the hills that hem it round about,
 Far behind, like clouds 'gainst the heavens were cast,
 And then it uttered a joyous shout,
 Like a captive just freed, and quick downward blew,
 To rock in sweet flowers the soft cradled dew.

III.

Then many bright birds came sweeping along,
 Pouring out as they flew a full vesper song ;

But when they came nigh to that dark, noisome tide,
 They hushed the sound of their pleasant lay,
 And instinctively shunning with circle wide,
 Silently passed from its shores away :
 For nothing inhaleth its poisonous breath,
 But drops pallid and chill in the Lake of Death !

IV.

And oft when the summer sun drinks it half dry,
 Far down in its waters the trav'ler can spy,
 The sheen of the marble from column and spire,
 And many a stadium of ruins waste,
 Where those cities were whelmed beneath liquid fire;
 Then shudd'ring he turns, and on doth haste,
 Nor looketh behind him, nor draweth his breath,
 Till dark Siddim hath swallowed its Lake of Death !

V.

For there in those lonely and vengeance-scathed halls,
 Where echo lies buried, and footstep ne'er falls,
 Are legions of phantoms that shadow-like tread,
 And open and shut their fleshless jaws ;
 But the tongue has long mouldered—no words are said
 To break the chain of that fearful pause,
 Which has held for ages, and ever must hold,
 The accursed of God in its silent fold !

T O K A T E.

'Tis not to make me jealous,
 To say that she is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well,—
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

Othello.

1

FAITH, Kate, Othello's in the wrong
 With his inventory !
 And I can prove, nor argue long,
 He meant it not for thee.

2

Thou art as virtuous, I'll swear,
 As beauty e'er can be ;
 And yet to tell me thou art fair,
 Is much to trouble me.

3

For when all eyes do note thy look
 With a well pleased surprise,
 Your eyes say—Sirs ! it is a book,
 Whose meaning deeper lies.

4

And I am jealous that you give
 Such jealous confidence ;
 Whilst I, who only for you live,
 Share but the general chance.

5

You sing, too, well: and when you sing
 Seek other smile than mine;
And covet other listening,
 To tell thee 'tis divine.

6

And when you play, 'tis with my heart;
 Could cause more potent be,
Why I from confidence should start
 With pain of jealousy.

7

In faith, then, Kate, Othello's wrong
 With his inventory;
For he whose love as mine is strong,
 In all finds jealousy.

THE BETRAYED.

But when you have our roses,
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our baseness.

All's Well that Ends Well.

1

MOTHER, my breath grows shorter,—
 I cannot see thee now ;
 Dark shades weigh down my eyelids,
 And a cold damp's on my brow.
 Mother, I know I'm dying,
 Yet 'tis for thee I moan,
 For I must leave thee in the world
 A widow, and alone.
 Yet weep not, dearest mother,
 That we so early part ;
 I go where there's oblivion
 For this poor broken heart.

2

And if you meet him, mother,
 Tell him the love I gave
 Died not, until this body
 Was cold within the grave.

Tell him that I forgave him
 The wrongs that drank my life,
 And prayed he might be happy
 With her he made his wife.
 Yet tell him not, my mother,
 'T might bring back mem'ry's tide ;—
 I would not he looked coldly
 Upon his trusting bride.

3

Farewell ! farewell ! my mother,
 The world is nothing now,
 For my eyes are closed and dark—
 The death-damp's on my brow.
 Yet weep not, dearest mother,
 I go from wo and pain,
 And we shall meet in heaven,
 Never to part again.
 Oh ! weep not for thy daughter,
 Let not a tear-drop start,
 She goes where there's oblivion
 For her poor broken heart.

LOVE IS A PROTEUS.

In amore hæc insunt vitia, injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitia, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum.

Teren. Eunuchus. Act 1st. Scene 1st.

1

THERE'S no two things most opposite:
But they to love belong;
Its folly oft is clothed in wit,
Its plea of right cloaks wrong.

2

Though born of beauty's goddess queen,
The base ungrateful knave
Leaves that to pour sad tears, unseen,
Which first his being gave.

3

He lives on music, yet the sweet
Soul-echoed melody,
Oft fails to charm his truant feet,
As he is roving by.

4

He stays by Ellen's side—and why?
Her words might sages teach!
Then flies to Kate, for that her eye
Out-talks the choicest speech.

5

He lives on sighs, and groans, and fears,
 Yet lends his murderous bow
 To Kate, who finds in nothing tears,
 And laughs at lover's wo.

6

He is—oh! hang the changeful elf,
 I hate him mortally;
 Kate loves me not, so love himself
 Is odious now to me.

 FROM PINDAR,

1

ALL things when once they're done and past,
 Or just or unjust, right or wrong,
 In that same shape wherein they're cast,
 Must hold immutable and strong.

2

So strong, so absolute, so sure,
 That time, the life, and parent too,
 Of every thing which doth endure,
 Cannot them alter, or undo.

3

Yet firmly as things past remain,
 Misfortune's aids our mem'ries flee;
 All fades from joy, that lived in pain,
 All fades from new prosperity.

HOPE AND FANCY.

Hope's at best

A star that leads the weary on,
Still pointing to the unpossess'd,
And palling that it beams upon.

Anon.

And fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Merchant of Venice.

1

IN the shade of a tree where a clear fountain rose,
There sat in deep silence one scarce in his prime,
And he thought, like the fountain our life's current flows,
Springing pure from its source to be muddied by time.

2

He gazed on the wave that lay bright at his feet,
And thought like its bubbles hopes break when most fair,
And joy at its greatest some sorrow will meet
Whose touch turns the bright cheating globe into air.

3

Then his thoughts wandered back to each youthful remembrance,
When his heart knew no sorrow, his feelings no sting;
When all that appeared was a truthful resemblance,
And hope flew aloft upon fancy's light wing.

4

Gayly borne on the breath of life's morning they flew,
 Where palace on palace rose glitt'ring and fair ;
 But each gem-built delusion as near it they drew,
 Or faded away, or rose higher in air.

5

And fancy, soon tired with fruitless exertion,
 Went floating away on the morn's rosy beams ;
 But hope remained true, for she knows no desertion,
 And still strewed with flowers the grave of his dreams.

AH, LOVE! IF THE HOUR.

1

AH, dearest ! if the hour I live in thine eyes,
 The hour which all I would live for bestows,
 Could speak, 'twould look back as too quickly it flies,
 And bid thee be kind ere *for ever it goes*.

2

'Twould point to the gloom on the brow of the next,
 Which the future reflects from its dangers and woes,
 And tell thee that soon with its troubles perplexed,
 You'd lose the brief joy of the *hour that goes*.

'Twould whisper, as I do—"The present's our own,"
 Love breathes on the pure wave of life as it flows;
 Despise him, and tost on its ocean alone,
 You'll weep your neglect of *the hour that goes*.

4

But yield thee to love, and the scythe, and the glass,
 Shall affright us no more, for who is there but knows
 That in love, as in heaven, tho' ages may pass,
 The joy is eternal, the hour only goes.

 THE POWER OF MUSIC.

1

WHENCE springs the light that gleams
 Upon the poet's line,
 But from the kindred beams
 In woman's eyes that shine?

2

And what its sweet, its dulcet rhyme,
 But some remembered word,
 Like distant church bells' pleasant chime,
 In woman's accent heard.

3

Who has not felt the thrilling spell
That floats upon the air,
When poetry and music tell
Of love or of despair ?

4

The very echo loves the sound
That breathes up from the heart,
So well, 'twill linger fondly round,
And sigh when forced to part.

5

But oh ! its greatest, strongest hold,
Its deepest power to move,
Is when in music passion's told
By the dear lips we love.

6

For then 'tis such a magic strain,
That of sweet thought and tone,
Quick, in a spirit-woven chain,
Music and soul grow one.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

Oh! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Romeo and Juliet,

1

FAREWELL! farewell! such is the tone
That swells but once, and 's heard no more;
When all ties break, 'tis sadly thrown,
The last, on life's receding shore;
Yet only falls to break the last,
And sever love from all that's past.

2

Farewell! farewell! it hymns the dirge
That floats around affection's bier,
When passion's impulse fails to urge,
And naught but memory's left that's dear.
Whilst lowly lies the form of love,
And cold indifference sneers above.

3

Farewell! farewell! so angels sung,
When forth on wings of wrath they flew;
And love of woman from them wrung
To Paradise a last adieu.

They bought with an eternal fall
A year of joy in beauty's thrall.

4

Farewell! farewell! though sadly sweet
The word floats on the evening air ;
It's sorrow 'll fade when next we meet,
And double pleasure will be there ;
'Till then love's thoughts like angels guard,
And every sorrow from thee ward.

TO VIRGINIA.

IN IMITATION OF C. D. M'L. GRADUATE OF PARNASSUS.

1

As late I wandered 'mid the stars
I saw some bright things peeping
Out, like your eyes, when your papa's
Their evening watch are keeping ;

2

And you expect that I will pass
Beneath the evening sky,
And 'neath your window, made of glass,
Which from the ground's so high.

3

I took them up, and turned them o'er,
 And found, O wondrous strange,
 That each was a sweet thought, or more,
 Of thine, which there did range.

4

Yet dearest, though the blinds you close,
 And shut the casement quite,
 I still shall see thee like a rose
 Upon the stem of night.

5

Yet there's a magic chain that binds
 Indissolubly strong,
 Congenial hearts, congenial minds,
 And oh!—its—very long.

6

And though no more, at evening fall,
 To me thy sight be given,
 Ah, dearest, let me make a call,
 And live awhile in heaven!

Note.—From the New-York Excavator. "This little piece contains all the peculiar beauties of this young poet;—'stars,' being his particular pets, and 'heaven' a favourite conclusion to very mundane sort of matter."

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

CROWN the goblet, boy, with flowers,
 Till, clogg'd with sweets, the fleeting hours
 Cease their onward course to roll,
 And sleep within the sparkling bowl.
 From out the greybeards restless wheel,
 The plain and rugged spokes we'll steal,
 And, ere we give them back again,
 Cleanse with wine each earthly stain ;
 And then around their surface wreath
 Flowers that softest odors breathe.
 He brought the flowers, but ah ! he chose
 Among the rest a beauteous rose,
 Nor saw its dewy leaves amid
 The sly contriving cupid hid ;
 He, when upon the margin placed,
 Or e'er the nectar I could taste,
 Infused, from out the treacherous flower,
 His poison in the purple shower ;
 And as my eager lips I dyed
 Deep in the soul ennobling tide,
 I felt, alas ! no genial glow
 From its sweet perfumed current flow,
 But sudden shot through every vein
 Love's subtle, strange, and fiery pain.
 I thought to cure and senseless quaffed,
 More deeply still the poisoned draught ;
 But oh ! 'tis liquid flame I pour,
 And heart and brain but throb the more.

THE SPECTRE TRAIN,

A VISION.

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.

Macbeth.

I'll publish, right or wrong :
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Byron.

This iron knee
Bends to no meaner power than that which formed it free.

Watts.

ADIEU! Adieu! to roving and delight,
To all that's pleasant now a long good night!
Wine, women, every thing we now must leave
For musty law, at morning, noon, and eve.
With entails now our head is puzzled sore,
And *Little-ton* usurps the place of *Moore*;
"Fearne on remainders" so absorbs our brains,
Not all his skill could tell how much remains.
Then farewell fancied fame;—come title deed,
In place of heroes, tell how purses bleed!

The pleasantest things by repetition tire,
 And oft the greatest smoke hides little fire,
 As where they talk the most, least cider flows ;
 And fustian speech keeps farthest still from blows ;—
 But as we said before, man still will range,
 Nor sleep content but with the hope of change ;
 And seeing how the bubbles of this life
 Break 'gainst each other with continual strife,
 And how our city to great Humbug's sway,
 Bends in subjection lower every day,
 And bears the cap and bells with such an air,
 That truly " motley " seems " its only wear ;"
 I've often thought it was a crying shame
 That paltry themes the muse's ear should claim,
 When thin-faced knavery on all sides we meet,
 And folly smirks in every lane and street ;
 That Gotham's sons who wake the poet's lyre,
 Seek still the glow of heaven-reflecting fire,
 To *miss*-apply it to some tricked out thing,
 And Stella Brown, or Cora Wiggins sing ;
 Heap line on line to say what's oft been said,
 Prove woman changeful, and a roseleaf red ;
 Her head a bandbox filled with caps and lace,
 And nature's masterpiece her form, and face ;
 Or, whilst their words their several places fill,
 Like raw recruits when first they're placed at drill,
 Enforce new raptures hammered into rhyme,
 To make a meadow grand, a pond sublime.

Satire at best is but a guardless blade,
 We ne'er can lounge but we are open laid ;

And e'en should we each vital part defend,
 Our knuckles suffer sadly in the end ;—
 And he who with the follies of the age
 Will undertake a wordy war to wage,
 Must, having thrust, stand well upon his guard,
 And from the instant walk and talk by card.
 An there were any spice of virtue still,
 Left to *this* age, “ though but enough to fill,
 The doubting corner of a miser’s heart,”
 I’d see it hanged ere on this course I’d start ;
 And even now we’ll keep the sunniest side,
 If there be such to folly, or to pride ;
 Then leave the stern satiric muse to play
 To rugged rocks her caustic roundelay,
 Whilst cleft-grown pines, and mountain-daring goats,
 Are list’ners to her harsh discordant notes ;
 For ’tis like sacrilege to wake heaven’s lyre
 To ruder notes than holiest themes inspire.
 Grant then your patience whilst, with hand unskilled,
 I strike the harp to untaught music wild.

Summer, with all her train of rosy hours,
 Was scattering perfume from a thousand flowers ;
 The heavens were pure, as in those gladsome isles
 Where frolic nature wears perpetual smiles ;
 To the fair violets that freshly sprung,
 As diamond dew drops on their bosoms hung,
 The spicy south wind whispered tales of love,
 And lover-like vowed ne’er again to rove.
 ’Twas evening in this time ;—the silver bow
 That gleams upon imperial Dian’s brow,

Was bent in heaven ;—upon old Hudson's breast
 Its shimmering beams in silver lines did rest ;
 Upon the river's surface, here and there,
 The wind-bound vessels chid the ling'ring air ;
 'Twas quiet as an infant's sleep ;—so still,
 No breath stirr'd the tall cedars on the hill,
 Or moved a ripple o'er the silent deep ;
 Nature lay on her couch of night, asleep ;—
 A single beam showed where a fisher's cot
 From rock and river stole a scanty spot,
 And 'neath me stretching far to south'ard lay
 The waters of our island dotted bay ;
 And musing there alone there came to me
 Thoughts of the days ere our fair land was free—
 Ere prouder than the Roman eagle, rose
 Our star-gemm'd banner o'er its humbled foes ;
 And then the city's hum came to my ear
 Like some great distant army in its fear,
 And brought me to the present, till my thought
 To words like these its subtle essence wrought.

Land of the free, and birthplace of the great,
 Whose eagle soars alone, with none to mate,
 Or rival in his flight ;—Land of high thought,
 Where poorest souls must something great be taught,
 By ocean-lakes ;—by cataracts that pour
 From heights tremendous, with such awful roar,
 As though some mighty sea's wild mass were hurled
 O'er rocky barrier on a reeling world !
 Land of the brave, on whose all-succouring breast
 The exiled freeman may securely rest,

And find beneath thy broad o'er shadowing sky,
 The quiet home all other lands deny ;
 But sixty years ago thou wert a thing
 That bowed, and owned man might be born a king ;
 And birth in palaces could give control
 O'er the unmeasured forces of the soul ;
 That long drawn title, blood, and broad estate,
 Made pigmies worshipful, and asses great ;
 What art thou now ? What Greece hath been of yore ?
 Aye ! more, my land ; inestimably more !
 Greece when a Plato taught, a Solon swayed,
 Ere one proud vaunt was broken, or decayed,
 When in the Parthenon her gods abode,
 And every sun on brighter glory glowed,
 Was but a dim foreshadowing of thee,
 For, at her freest, Greece was never free !
 'Tis no vain boast ;—I know the Persian fled,
 I know a million for that shadow bled ;—
 Thermopylæ, Platea, Marathon,
 Were to its watchword fought, and nobly won ;
 Who fought were heroes ;—demi-gods who fell !
 And what the conqueror's meed ! the sneer,—the *shell* !
 Who freest poured their blood to serve her cause,
 Bought the sad right to suffer by her laws ;
 If this were freedom, when the good, the great,
 Unheard, unjudged, were banished from the state,
 Her freedom mark !—What fool asserts that we
 Are not than Greece more great, than Greece more free ?
 Yes ! my own land, upon the path of time
 Thou stand'st a pillar spotless, and sublime,

To point mankind on to their worthiest goal,
 The realm of mind, the commonwealth of soul ;
 For here the right to be, and to be great,
 Rests not on birth, on title, or estate ;
 The man who holds his millions at control,
 And he most poor, each represent *one* soul !
 And till that souls in balances be weighed,
 Or shown to be of several textures made,
 Each must alike be capable to bear
 Their country's honours, and their country's care.
 This is our freedom ; this is to be free ;
 God keep it firm till time shall cease to be !
 Fame to the heroes ! fame in minstrel lay,
 Who, wrapped in clouds of freedom's darkest day,
 Still clustered round their chief ;—the patriot band,
 The glorious few ! who fenced their native land
 From tyrant's sway ;—see ! wearily, and slow
 They seek 'mid rocks a refuge from the foe ;—
 A cloud is o'er them, yet their hearts beat high
 With an unconquered hope ; and if a sigh
 At times will burst from out some lab'ring breast,
 I ween no faint resolve is so confest,
 But weary days, and nights of sleepless toil,
 And bloodiest battles for their native soil,
 Have made them weak ;—so weak—what, will they yield ?
 No ! by my fathers' blood ! the swords they wield
 Were tempered in the tear drops of their land ;
 'Tis hallowed steel, each sword a holy brand ;—
 What though they're weak and few, they fear no foe,
 Their God's approval weighs on every blow ;

They strike for fathers, children, sisters, wives,
 Nature's nobility untrammelled lives !
 Can such men fail? On brethren ; freemen, on !
 Strike for your country ;—strike with Washington !
 Look on the stars that gem our banner's field,
 And read how freemen shrink ; how freemen yield !
 Look on the page that tells our country's tale ;
 What see you there?—the coward's thought—to fail ?
 No ! hark the watchword of the glorious strife,
 " God and our cause ! Death ! or victorious life !"

Years rolled away, and that determined few
 Entwined their brows with laurels ever new ;
 Laurels, which greener with each passing year,
 Time to their country can but make more dear,
 For whilst the rights by their devotion won,
 Are unimpaired bequeathed from sire to son ;
 Whilst the proud bird, whose chains they rent away,
 Stern and undazed, looks in the eye of day,
 Those rights and institutions still shall be,
 The heroes' records who begat us, free !

I say I've often mused that they who write,
 In love or war should wholly take delight,
 When broad before, and all around them lies
 So many a thing to entertain their eyes ;
 Houses where " Providence" puts up o' night,
 And kindly doth restore the lame to sight ;
 Hugs signs with " Camphor's Patent Embrocation,"
 For making limber all this stiff-necked nation ;

And newspapers of a world-large size :
 Whose sheet tremendous fills us with surprise,
 Till with much greater wonder than before,
 We find 'tis folly, paper, ink ;—no more.
 And stirrers up with new-light trump and drum,
 Who by a form of words, say fee—faw—fum,
 Or any other of fond man's device,
 Convert more awful sinners in a trice,
 Than the one *Book*, God's message to all time,
 Armed with his power, and charged with the sublime
 Prerogative to show poor, fallen man,
 His all-creative mind, and perfect plan.
 Oh, man! thou art a monstrous little thing,
 And yet, to mark the flutt'ring of thy wing,
 'Twould seem the eagle meant to cleave the sky,
 And not the sparrow soar some ten yards high !

And then to stand just there in Nassau-street,
 And look from where it doth with Broad-street meet,
 Through Wall, " where merchants most do congregate,"
 And several hundred speculators' fate,
 Just now is trembling in the scales of chance,
 As price of *fancy stocks* fall or advance.
 From foetid gutters exhalations rise,
 And clouds of dust excruciate all eyes ;
 Hacks, carts, and omnibusses thunder on
 Throughout that general race-course to the town,
 Broadway ;—drivers swearing—call-boys shouting,
 " Ride up"—" Broadway;"—" Bleecker"—" Greenwich"
 —" Get in;"

The people stand on either side the way,
 And fear to cross, yet have not time to stay.
 Meanwhile on top our white-brown city Hall,
 Justice, in wood, smiles blandly o'er it all ;
 Well may she smile, for her block-head inhales
 No un-Sabæan odors, and the gales
 Whole sand hills in her sightless eyes might blow,
 Nor then arouse her ; ah ! could she but know
 To feel, she might stir up our democrats, or whigs,
 And help them wisely scratch their heads or wigs,
 To find some way by which the river Croton,
 Unto this goodly Gotham may be brought on,
 Whilst yet our great grand children are alive,
 Say in the year two thousand twenty-five ;
 Now there's small hope, our city's too good pay,
 And we've Commissioners at " ten per day,"
 Whose room, cigars, champagne, and, no !—no sense,
 Are furnished gratis, at the State's expense.
 Who would not be a patriot, and die
 In such a cause?—who would not swell the cry
 Of " equal laws ;" " no taxes," " no outlay,"
 In any save a necessary way ?
 Who would not vote against those Democrats,
 Those things with elbows out and crownless hats,
 Those " wild agrarians," who'd make the rate
 Of every thing connected with the state,
 Of men and measures, level with their worth ?
 Out on such knaves ! to forests send them forth,
 To herd with untamed beasts, not dwell with men,
 Who borrow money, *not* to pay again,

Who throw off conscience as a tiresome chain,
 Live but for money, worship only gain,
 And the true image of their maker show,
 In its primeval brightness, as they go
 Bending to earth with microscopic glance,
 If haply 'mid its *dirt* they may by chance
 But find a grain of gold!—they're men indeed,
 Their country feeds them, they on it do feed!

But for this vision;—I can't well arrange
 Its parts together, 'twas so passing strange;
 And so for want of method, or of skill,
 'T must even down on paper as it will.

Sometimes when night her gloomy curtain spreads,
 And honest folk sleep soundly in their beds;
 When comes the revel of ungodly sprites,
 Who leave the cave where Somnus sleeps o' nights,
 To frolic wild around the sleeper's head,
 The thoughts of other days about him shed,
 And indistinctly show, in vision seen,
 Joy's laughing face, or sorrow's boding mien;—
 Or in the shape of nightmare fiends pursue
 The stagg'ring dreamer bush and quagmire through;
 When gas lamps fade, and watchmen's hourly knock
 Informs the moon exactly what's o'clock;
 When in the chimney minstrel crickets play,
 And mice in lonely rooms hold holiday;
 "When church yards yawn, and graves give up their dead."
 Pshaw! that, at least, Will might have left unsaid,

And given a chance to us of modern time,
 To hit on something solemn and sublime.
 Oh ! hang the ancients, hang their ancient noses,
 They've left thought's thorns, but picked off all its roses !
 When all these things, and many more are done,
 We havn't time to state them one by one,
 But to imagination leave the rest,
 To be supplied as readers may think best ;
 Forth from the gate of dreams, the gate of horn,
 With noiseless passage to our thoughts are borne
 Visions which in a certain form display
 Ideas, and books which troubled them by day ;
 And this is one ; a vision full of fear,
 Seen in the night's mid watch ;—but you shall hear.

Hark ! 'tis a day of joy in Rome ! the ground
 Shakes to the tread of thousands ; and a sound,
 As when the angry sea, with fruitless shock,
 In thunder bursts on some opposing rock,
 Swells ;—dies away ;—then, louder than before,
 Peals to the capitol from Tiber's shore.
 A conqueror comes in triumph, bearing home
 Blood, plunder, curses, to the lap of Rome.
 A conqueror,—'tis no matter which, not one
 But ends the same, and has the same begun ;
 The same their purpose, by brute force to bind,
 And check with matter the advance of mind ;
 Dazzle with tinsel show the common view,
 And bow the *many* to the grasping few.
 With specious words they smooth the path to fame,
 Freedom their watchword, tyranny their aim.

Constant in action, pressing on, still on,
 Unchecked by aught until their goal be won ;
 From human weakness weave a cunning lure,
 By frailty rendered but the more secure ;
 A mesh, wisdom and folly both alike to bind,
 And chain to bubbles more than half mankind.
 On came the conqueror ; at his chariot's side,
 Companions in success, his leaders ride ;
 While, with one voice, the multitudinous throng
 Swell the rude chorus of th' exulting song.
 Why stops the chariot ! by its side appears
 A white haired man, all bent with heavy years ;
 Sweet sight is leaving fast his sunken eye—
 Long, thin gray locks about his shoulders fly ;
 Around his form a tattered robe is tied,
 That scarce the shrunken flesh beneath will hide ;
 He stretches out his hands toward the chief,
 And age, and poverty, and cark'ing grief,
 Seem all forgot.—“ My son ! my son ! ” he cries,
 “ Hast thou returned a general, ere these eyes
 That looked on thy first smile, could no more see
 The glorious triumph of thy bravery ;
 Thank the good gods !—I dreamed not of this joy ;
 Come to my arms my own, my only boy ! ”
 A haughty frown came o'er the conqueror's brow ;
 He sternly gazed at him, and cried “ How now ?
 Must we be troubled with a madman's rage,
 Because forsooth 'tis cloaked with hoary age ?
 Away with him !—'tis our triumphal day ;
 On to the capitol ;—thrust him away !

Or, hold!—Perchance 'tis but a beggar's shift
 To gain an obolus;—man, here's a gift;
 A purse of gold: take it;—'tis greater store
 Than thou didst ever call thine own before;
 We give it freely;—take it;—none shall say
 That we refused *a Roman* aught to-day!"
 The old man dashed the purse upon the ground,
 And as the fiery coursers made a bound,
 He caught the reins with such a mighty hold,
 As though his limbs forgot that they were old,
 And the free tide of youth rushed quick again
 Through the hot passage of each swollen vein;
 He forced the snorting horses back; and rose
 Majestic up, as 'mid barbarian foes
 He stood, in all a Roman's pride of name;
 His sunken eyes glared with a sudden flame,
 And the thin voice of age grew deep and strong,
 Till it rose clear above the soldiers' song,
 And the proud conq'ror shrunk, and shook with fear,
 As that poor scorned old man cried in his ear,
 "Dost thou deny thy father?—answer me!"
 And he replied, "No! but I own not thee."
 "Infinite liar!" shouted that old man.
 "What, thou a soldier; thou stand in the van
 Of fame?—Oh, double dastard!—coward, slave!
 Deny the being who thy being gave?
 Hold, boy! for thou shalt hear me;—I, thy sire,
 I curse thee with a curse that shall be fire
 Within thy brain, when thou shalt think of me!
 And round thy heart-strings shall for ever be
 A clinging serpent, gnawing to thy life.

Wretch! thou shalt die, but not in glorious strife;
 Thing of no soul!—the fire, the sharp fanged snake,
 Shall gnaw thy leprous soul, until they make
 Thy life so horrible, that thine own blow
 Shall send thee hopeless to the shades below!
 Thou conquering coward! onward to thy hearse,
 My curse upon thy head! my curse! my curse!”

Faintly and hoarse his curse the old man spoke,
 And with it life's last cherished fetter broke,
 And the wrung spirit from its prison fled:
 A sigh, a shiver:—he that cursed is dead!

Pealed the shrill trumpet's strains triumphant loud,
 Rung the sharp hoof-strokes;—roared the bestial crowd;
 On swept the Triumph; and the conqueror's eye
 Roved o'er it all, cold, passionless, and dry;
 But the stern lip was pale; and, as with pain,
 The hand would shake that held the golden rein.
 Where was the old man?—

Where he fell, he lay;
 The soul—aye, where?—clay to its kindred clay.

“The curse! the curse!—Father, I am thy child!
 I own, I own thee!—oh, I shall go wild!
 The fire is in my brain, it burns me now,
 I feel it here upon my scorching brow;
 It sears my eye balls up;—I cannot see;
 'Tis fearful dark;—I cannot even flee
 Where horrible imaginings are not.
 Old man, I killed thee not;—see there the spot;

The angry spot upon his brow!—ho! ho!
 What, beggar! thou my father? Pish! go, go!
 I know thee not—I know no things like you;
 Pardon! mercy!—father, I do! I do!
 Thou wilt not?—no mercy?

Why should I be
 The plaything of such dreadful phantasy?
 Why should I live till horror gnaws more deep,
 Till inch by inch creeps on a freezing sleep;
 'Till my shrunk soul steals from its round of clay,
 Scarce half the shadow of itself, away?
 No! I'll not live! my sword? 'tis here!

How cold
 The blade feels to my fingers!—ha! grow old
 To be a gibe?

The wretch denied his birth!
 And killed his sire;—should he have place on earth?
 Ha! ha! 'tis done!—the steel is not so cold
 As 'twas before;—away old man, I—old—”

The quiet moonbeams fell upon the floor
 Of a proud chamber; and a pool of gore
 Was in its midst; and stiffly by its side
 The conqueror lay alone—and so he died.

Slowly the scene fades from my o'er-strained sight,
 And leaves me in dark dream-land's double night.
 A strange dull feeling of the power of gloom,
 As of material shadows in the room
 Is about me! now they all glide around,
 Making no gesture, uttering no sound;

Passing so unperceived from place to place,
 That where but now the shadows we could trace,
 They are not;—and we start to find them there
 Where all was vacant; 'till our bristling hair
 Stands stiff with dread; and on the heaving breast
 We feel the fearful weight of darkness rest;
 And great bright eyes, set in a round of flame
 Look in our own, 'till, as with heavy shame,
 We strive to shut them, but it may not be;
 Gasp, struggle, groan—in vain; we still must see.
 This plays as 'twere the interlude between
 Each several dream; then when the shapes we've seen
 'Till they all grew together in a mass
 Horridly indistinct, the whole will pass,
 And leave our chamber's space, cold, dark, and bare,
 As though they had been something more than air.

Triumph, and Rome, and Conqueror are gone,
 And other shades pass by us, one by one!

A stately temple reared its columned head,
 Where circling round fair Athens' glory spread.
 Palace, and fane; and fountains murmuring low;
 Soft Grecian maids just in their summer glow,
 Sitting beside them, braid their raven hair
 O'er brows than their own marble far more fair;
 Sprinkle each other with the wave, and tease
 About the youths that either's fancy please;
 Priests swinging golden censers at the shrine
 Of god, and goddess, vainly deemed divine;
 Right grave philosophers, with footstep slow,
 Towards Cynosarges, or Lycæum go;

Here to the theatre of Bacchus, one,
 With face almost as grave, walks on alone ;
 'Tis the rehearsal of the last new play ;
 And there the artisan plods on his way.

Even so looked Athens many a year ago,
 Ere the broad tooth of age, so sure, though slow,
 Had fed upon her temples, and her power ;
 Ere her proud march o'ertook the fatal hour
 Whose history is writ on temples fair,
 And palaces now tenanted by—air.

“ Give me the scroll, my sister—that once more
 I may read what he writ there, o'er and o'er,
 My own Clemanthe !”—

Oh ! thou flatt'ring line !

His own Clemanthe ; yes, I'm only thine ;
 Thine, thine for ever ;—ever ?—ah ! my heart,
 Thy quick wild beating tells me I must part
 From all that I so deeply, wildly love ;
 And time, within its fated round may move
 On to the mark that limits my brief life
 Ere he return ;—ah ! the dread chance of strife ;—
 He may return no more !—the wind's next breath
 May bear the message of my hero's death.
 I'll think no more of it ;—here, take the scroll,
 I cannot read it now. Upon my soul,
 Like the hoarse-boding raven on a tomb,
 Dread solemn thoughts, and fearful shading gloom
 Sit croaking prophecies of wo to be ;
 Oh, Father of the Gods, grant that on me,

And me alone this sorrow may descend :
 Ah ! 'tis very dark here ; can this be ?—bend,
 Bend your ear closer, sister—I—I die—
 Sob not so bitterly—I do not cry ;
 Yet I am young, and life—life's very sweet ;
 Sister, your hand ;—there, there ;—dearest, we'll meet
 Beyond the great blue arch.—Nearer, more near—
 You will see him, when all of me that's dear
 Is loathsome dust—tell him that in my death
 I loved him best—oh more than best—my breath
 Is almost gone ; art here ? farewell—farewell.
 My love :—my sis'—she's dead.

Ah ! who can tell

The power of woman's love ; too great for death,
 It struggles for the mastery, for breath
 To tell how large the store of its vast wealth,
 So great, she shames to speak it all in health ;
 But fading ere the tongue grows stiff, will sigh
 To bursting hearts how much she loved—and die !

He hath fought the fight, he hath won the field ;
 The trembling foe fly from his arms, or yield ;
 Athens victorious hails her victor son,
 And crowns with laurel ;—Is his triumph done ?
 No, on he hastes from shout-resounding dome,
 To his Clemanthe's quiet vine-clad home.
 “ Dearest, we are victorious ; I am here
 To tell thee all”—alas ! nor joy, nor fear
 Can move her now ! silent and cold she lay,
 Dead ! dead !

And this was his triumphal day !

He threw aside his shield, his spear, and brand,
 He heard no more the plaudits of his land ;
 Dead was all pride with her, ambition gone,
 He wandered forth unrecked of and alone,
 A crushed, a blighted heart his only guide,
 None knew from thence how lived he, or how died.

It passed ; heigho ! such dreams are very sad ;
 I trust what follows will not be as bad.

Whilst Homer celebrates, in lines of fire,
 Of fierce Achilles the destructive ire ;
 And Virgil leads through seas, and hostile host
 The good Eneas to the Latian coast ;
 Or later still, in Pope's most polished lines,
 Dullness, in regal pomp, a goddess shines ;
 While even barbarous times have given to fame
 Whate'er of virtue claimed a deathless name ;
 And to each power that bending nations swayed,
 Or God, or mortal, homage has been paid,
 And all their attributes some voice have found
 That should to times remote their glories sound ;
 One power ; the essence, end, the aim, the all,
 Of men for their own *size*, who are too *tall*,
 Has mostly worked in silence, undisturbed ;
 Its devious ways unknown, its force uncurbed,
 Keen be my penknife, pointed be my pen,
 And show of what egregious little men
 Great volumes may be born ; and judges made,
 Whose stuff could never hold a tailor's trade.

A magic mirror seemed itself to frame
 From out a hueless mist, and slowly came

Across its surface dim, form after form,
 A spectre train; such figures as the storm
 Shapes upon thunder clouds, until they seem
 Demons attendant on the lightning's gleam;
 Then others came, smaller, but not less dread,
 And shook their shad'wy fingers at my head;
 Gibbered, and mowed; at last the silence broke,
 And first one thing, and then another spoke.

"Pale Blackstone's ghost complained that I was slow."
 And vainly strove by pantomime to show
 The spectre-book he held before my eyes,
 Too well! alas! its looks I recognise,
 Held in its learned expose of wrong and right,
 The very quintessential of delight.

He's gone;—his place another spectre fills;
 Heaven grant me rest!—'tis "Chitty upon Bills,"
 "What want you, learned woodcock of the law?"
 "Your mind's defective, Sir, I've found a flaw."
 Pish! 'tis unlawyerlike, without your fees,
 About a *flaw* to kick up such a *breeze*;
 Besides, sir, I'm a *corporation sole*;
 And rightly seized of sleep during the whole
 And every part of time entitled night;
 And I should like to know, sir, by what right
 You interrupt, with your confounded jaw,
 What's vested in mine eyes by nature's law?"

"But, sir, your right may be defeated by
 Too loud a snore, or winking your left eye;

And I contend, and shall contend, sir, still,
 Your tenancy, at best, sir's but "*at will*,"
 There being so no 'lessor of your sleep,'
 It, sir, you only can by *suff*"rance keep ;
 You have no right when you're asleep to stir ;
 And thus your right may be defeated, sir !
 And sir !" —

“ Begone !—by heaven, I'll hear no more !
 Another shade ?—by Jove, they'll reach a score :
 And every one wears on his ugly look
 The perfect copy of his leaden book.
 Ha ! what art thou that thus doth 'sear mine eye ?'
 With that the least of all came flitting by ;
 He turned ;—I knew the little face I saw ;—
 ' The abstract, and brief chronicle' of law,
 As small as life, passed by, and glared on me,
 'Twas he, ' that sometime paradox' Fitz-Fee !
 That commentary on our laws, and tongue,
 In writing right, in speaking always wrong ;
 Whose learning great to any laws can reach,
 Except to conquering the laws of speech.
 Quoth he—

“ I a'n't no time to stay ; but look !
 Here's something for you, 'tis my book, my book ;
 I must be off ; they'll want me at the club ;
 That there's easy, read it !”

“ Aye, there's the rub ;
 To read were easy with a lighter cause,
 But such a book must surely 'give us pause ;'
 A pause for courage ; probably 'twill last
 Till 'time shall overtake occasion past.' ”

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"
 For by me poured as 'twere a living stream,
 Over a muddy bed it rolled its way,
 With wigs for bubbles, and long gowns for spray,
 Which floating on the surface seemed to chase
 A woolsack huge, that foremost led the race;
 And ever and anon, both gowns and wigs,
 Would bob them up, as they were dancing jigs
 To music in the depths beneath them made,
 On harps by water spirits' fingers played;
 And, as they rose, methought I could descry
 Quick flashing glances from each eager eye,
 Seeking who towards the woolsack gained the most,
 And who had turned, and given it up for lost.
 There was a wondrous likeness, too, between
 The faces there, and some I'd elsewhere seen;
 I marked an Eldon, Bacon, and at last
 Ex-Chancellor Lyndhurst close beside me past.
 Ah! now I know that all these things but seem,
 They'd never chase the woolsack; 'tis a dream.
 And then methought the night wind, sighing near,
 Brought words like these, and whispered in my ear—
 "All that you've seen is true, these"—I awoke!
 Would I had heard the rest, for 'tis no joke
 To charge the men who charged so much themselves
 Upon the unproved words of dream-born elves.

A QUESTION.

1

How passed the hours fair sir, I pray,
 In ladye's bower so lately spent ;
 Dragged they upon their lingering way,
 Or flew like arrow swiftest sent ?

2

Was she, the maid you prize so dear,
 With sorrows sadd'ning weight opprest :
 Or shed a sunshine bright, and clear,
 Its joyous radiance o'er her breast ?

3

Did Hope, that dauber, dip her brush
 In a large pot of colour bright ;
 Or startled fancy, trembling, hush
 Her prattle, scared by hues of night ?

4

Or art thou better of the time,
 Whose epitaph these lines will be ;
 Hast gained a thought to help thee climb
 To nature's true nobility ?

5

Why do I ask ? for thou hast been
 Where woman, changeful, still the same,
 Strives some poor trusting heart to win,
 To stake on any future game.

6

She chains the mind, the eagle mind,
 Then leaves the captive she betrays,
 With saddest memories confined,
 To see the sun, yet hopeless gaze.

7

The eagle, though he pines alone,
 And wears the bitter galling chain,
 Sits, like a monarch on his throne,
 In pride that almost conquers pain ;

8

But the poor spirit bound to clay,
 Pride cannot balm, or urge to strife ;
 If free, it could not soar away,
 The chain that binds it is its life.

TRUE LOVE.

Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.

Romeo and Juliet.

I.

TRUE love is like unto those grains of gold
Which under Pactolus conceal their worth ;
Though hidden by the wave above them rolled,
And mixed with particles of baser earth,
Each grain, by contact unadulterate,
Lies richly there as in a kingly crown,
And needeth trial's fire alone to mate,
In all, with what a thing of worship's gown.
And therefore unto them we liken love,
For that the river's bed they so bestrew,
That earth around, and changeful stream above,
Betray their value as they take their hue ;
And love, no matter how its form we cover,
Will show its nature colouring the lover.

II.

But when a form of earth, like thine, contains
Most precious things, in such abundant store,
If Pactolus kept tally with his grains,
When all were told they'd mark but half the score ;

It makes the world to be but Venus' band,
 And all within, whatever may them move,
 Seek they sweet knowledge, or the State's command,
 To throw all by, and live alone for love ;
 Or live for thee, for love to thee is grown ;
 Or love and thee, when sep'rate most, are like
 Mirrors opposed, in each of which is shown
 With double reflex what on each doth strike.
 Then, all things weighed, love is of all most true,
 And that love truest proved, approved by you.

THE GLORY OF EARTH.

I.

AND what art thou, oh Earth !
 Thou speck in God's domain
 Of space unmeasured ; what thy worth,
 That Moon and Sun remain
 Thy servants still, by day and night,
 To round thee with a band of light ?

II.

Why giveth He, (whose chamber-beams
 Stretch from their eastern rest,
 Where morn first rears its pillared gleams,
 To the extremest west,)
 Things, which such greater substance fill,
 As ministers to gild thee still ?

III.

Is it that in thy teeming mould
 More potent virtues lie,
 Than in the countless planets, rolled
 Throughout the thought-wide sky?
 Not so! for they thine end shall see,
 And still roll on eternally.

IV.

Or doth the form in which *thou* art,
 Exceed all form so far,
 Thou stand'st pre-eminent, apart
 From Sun, and Moon, and Star?
 Not so! the forms which them endue,
 As thine, are fair and perfect true.

V.

Is it that in thy ceaseless round,
 About thy circle broad,
 Thou mak'st a rushing voice, whose sound
 Goes purest up to God?
 Nor that! with tones as richly sweet,
 The morning stars Jehovah greet.

VI.

It is that as, o'er his own earth,
 God gave to man control,
 He breathed within him at his birth
 His breath—a living soul;
 A likeness of himself he gave,
 And set creation as its slave.

VII.

IT IS that God so loved the world,
 When no created arm
 Could save lost man, self-downward hurled;
 (No earth-blown trump alarm,
 His only Son he offered free,
 A sacrifice on Calvary !

VIII.

Oh, double wonder!—on our earth
 Not only planets wait,
 But Jesus stooped t' endure our birth,
 From his almighty state;
 That from his cross might still be given
 To *faith* its title-deed to heaven !

TO J. P. M.

ON BEING REMOVED, AND REINSTATED IN OFFICE.

I

WHEN on our friends, or still more near
 Those who by ties of blood are dear,
 Fortune her smile bestows,
 We view it with our partial eyes,
 And think her blindness' self is wise,
 Who thus her favour shows.

2

But should the goddess, peevish grown,
 Distort her features with a frown,
 And dreary sorrows chill,
 We straight begin to think that she
 Has little claims to deity,
 Who judges things so ill.

3

Such are the thoughts, dear coz, that late,
 Suggested by your changing fate,
 And fortune's varied strife,
 Have, April painters, deep impressed
 With shade and sunlight on my breast,
 A picture of thy life.

4

When the dread deluge, sad and dark,
 With sullen roar rolled on, the ark,
 A little floating state,
 Rose from the swallowed earth, and stood
 In safety on the boiling flood,
 The argosy of fate.

5

A month to hell's dark portals hurled
 The ruins of that elder world;
 Palace, and high built tower—
 Fortress, and city proud and great,
 The little farm, the broad spread state
 Passed with the self same hour.

6

Yet Mercy her broad banner reared
 O'er those who neither shunned nor feared
 Their Maker to confess ;
 Who dared 'mid scoffs and sneers to stand,
 Like some lone pillar on the sand
 Of Afric's wilderness.

7

So now thy picture is reversed,
 The heavy mass of clouds dispersed,
 And scattered through the air,
 By a sweet south wind fast are driven,
 Like fear-struck armies, from thy heaven ;
 And all is bright and fair.

8

Now 'twixt their masses the blue sky,
 Like some young damsel's laughing eye,
 That seeks the gentle swain,
 When age its dull restraint removes,
 And forth she hastes to him she loves,
 Looks on thy fate again.

9

So, coz, thy trouble now is past,
 And may the prosperous sunshine last,
 And cloudless skies be thine ;
 Nor fortune find another nick
 At which her wheel may adverse stick,
 In youth, or life's decline.

10

Nor you, nor I, can boast large shares,
Of that which misers hoard for heirs ;
 But hang the paltry pelf ;
The sun is out ; 'tis warm to-day,
Shall winter's name make us less gay ?
 To-morrow'll tend itself.

11

Thus then you see our bond of kind,
Is wove with what will closer bind
 Than blood, or friendship's chain ;
For to relationship, it still
Adds a community in ill,
 A brotherhood of pain.

12

A daily feeling of those stings,
Which though they are produced by things
 The herd ne'er know nor feel,
Beyond our manhood's strong control,
Bite deeper through the shrinking soul
 Than slander, wrong, or steel.

L O V E .

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me ;
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
 War with good counsel, set the world at naught,
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I.

No eye so bleared but love as lovely sees,
 No brain so dull but must conceive its worth ;
 No wretch so poor but love his thoughts may please,
 No home so happy as a love-blest hearth.
 Gold is but folly, crowns are idiots' caps,
 Ambition grins the nightmare of the mind ;
 But love can turn to good what saddest haps,
 Give all we need, and nothing leave to find.
 When want mouths at us from the chimney nook,
 Or sorrow sings its death dirge in our ear,
 Love feeds want fat upon a single look,
 And carols lightly over sorrow's bier.
 Then let who will this world's poor thistles seek,
 I'll take the roses, love, upon thy cheek.

II.

Some women, fair, are fair but to the eye,
 Yet only some, for thou art one whose soul
 Seems still to have a recollection high,
 'Though undefined, of what did 'round thee roll,

What forms, sweet as a lute's imbodyed tone,
 And words which spoke would rend this mighty sphere,
 Ere thy pure essence, with our flesh o'ergrown,
 From heaven was sent to show heaven's image here ;
 For here thou dwellest like an angel bound,
 Neighboured with sin, but yet untouched by wrong ;
 Thy fett'ring body sinks thee to the ground,
 Thy thoughts seek heaven, for earthly bonds too strong.
 Body remain below, thought fly above,
 Still joined with her, though sep'rate, for her love.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE!

I.

DEARLY we loved them, Father !
 The young, the sweet, the fair,
 Who in life's spring and summer,
 Our pleasant playmates were ;
 Who, by the brook at morning,
 And 'round the hearth at night,
 Wept with our April sorrow,
 And laughed with our delight.
 Summer and spring have vanished,
 And now they're all—all gone !
 But some are with thee, Father !
 The rest—thy will be done !

II.

Oh! how we loved them, Father!
 Those gray old warrior men,
 Who took us on their knees, and lived
 Their battles o'er again;
 They who, 'neath freedom's banner,
 With Washington had fought,
 And to our childish wonder
 His glorious memory taught.
 Now, in the ground they purchased,
 Sleeps each true hearted one,
 But death was triumph;—we can say
 Father, thy will be done!

III.

Ah! dearer yet have left us;—
 Our mother, many a year;
 Our brother in his manhood,—
 Of all—but two are here;—
 And we, near life's cold winter,
 A sister and a brother,
 Are all who feel as they once felt,
 Now with our sainted mother!
 Yet weep we not as sinners weep,
 Above the bier,—the stone—
 They're with their God and ours now,—
 Father, thy will be done!

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

AIR—Battle of the Kegs.

1

'Twas close of day,
 As poets say,
 Just as the sun was setting,
 That Edward stood
 In musing mood,
 His doleful fate regretting.

2

“ Ah me !” he sighed,
 “ Since fate has tied
 To me so much of sorrow ;
 Would that yon sun,
 His course being done,
 Might never light the morrow.

3

For what can he
 E'er bring to me,
 But sorrow still more dreary,
 Since from my arms
 Are torn those charms,
 That deck my dearest deary.

4

Yes, she is gone,
 And now I'm done
 With all that tells of pleasure;
 And evermore,
 I'll her deplore
 In most lugubrious measure.

5

As thus he spoke,
 A sigh there broke
 From out his bosom's core, sir,
 Which heard at night,
 Had put to flight
 A thousand owls or more, sir.

6

But straight a thought
 With comfort fraught,
 Some kindly genius gave;—
 “There's better fish
 Than *this here* dish,
 In this world's ocean wave.”

ALAS! IT IS NOT HERE!

1

THE warrior drew his flaming sword,
 And sought the bloody plain,
 Where loud the battle's thunder roared,
 And fierce blows fell like rain.

2

He dashed upon the shrinking foe
 At his great army's head,
 And when the evening sun sank low
 On dying, and on dead :—

3

O'er the wide plain his banner rose,
 A flaunting thing of pride,
 And on the ground his humbled foes
 Lay scattered far and wide.

4

The conqueror cast his weary eye
 O'er the vast groaning bier,
 And murmured with a sad low sigh,
 " Alas ! it is not here ! "

5

The student turned him from the page
 The great of old had writ,—
 Its learning deep, its counsels sage,
 Its wisdom and its wit;

6

And well he weighed what there he'd read,
 'Till dawn of light was near;
 Then sad he spake, and shook his head,
 "Alas! it is not here!"

7

The poet poured his words of power
 His golden harp along,
 'Till knightly hall, and lady's bower,
 Thrilled to the might of song;

8

But, as the trembling echoes died,
 He wiped a truant tear,
 And half unconsciously he sighed,
 "Alas it is not here!"

9

And one upon a bed of pain,
 Lay weak, and pale, and worn,
 Whilst all around a weeping train
 As hopelessly did mourn.

10

She knew that she was dying fast—
That life's worst pang was near ;
But from the ages of the past—
“ HE DIED ! ”—came to her ear.

11

By faith to Heaven she raised her eye,
And clasped her hands in prayer,—
Then said, but not with tear or sigh,
“ 'Tis there ! 'tis there ! 'tis there ! ”

LIFE IS SORROW

I.

THERE'S little else but sorrow
 And trial in our life,
 For joy, like soldiers' slumber,
 But freshens us for strife ;
 And the pale gleaming watch-fire
 Beside our earthly bed,
 For one who only sleepeth
 Shines on a thousand dead.
 The flicker of the sick light,
 The quick throb of the heart,
 The fading form, so cherished,
 Whisper—We part ! we part !

II.

The wife laughed gay at morning,
 The widow wept that night :
 The children of the evening
 Were orphans ere the light ;
 The bells ring clear and joyous,
 Yet something mars the sound—
 Alas ! we know they're swinging
 Above a burial ground ;

And, to each strain they send us,
 The echo in the heart,
 Toned by remembered sorrow,
 Sighs back—We part! we part!

III.

Yet though life's most is sorrow,
 A fever, or a pain,
 A bitter med'cine to the soul,
 Or madness in the brain;
 The taper God has lighted,
 The Hope-fire in the heart,
 Burns through the hour of anguish,
 When life is all—to part!
 And we can suffer, living
 On from the things before,
 For the dear knowledge—with our loved
 We'll meet, to part no more!

THE TALE OF A HEART.

'Twas pretty, though a plague,
 To see her every hour ; to sit and draw
 Her arched brows, her hawking eye, her curls,
 In our heart's table ; heart too capable
 Of every line and trick of her sweet favour :
 But now she's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
 Must sanctify her relics.

All's Well that Ends Well.

1

How short ! oh, how short are our life's happiest hours—
 Half the span of that life's shortest day
 Sees the delicate buds, and the broad flaunting flowers,
 Breathe joy on the sunshine, drink deep the sweet showers ;
 And wither, and vanish away.

2

Together we grew, like the branch and the leaf,
 Never parted in sunshine, or storm ;
 We soothed for each other our childhood's slight grief,
 Laughed loud the next moment at sorrow so brief,
 And played with enjoyment more warm.

3

She was weaker than I, and I knew I could aid,
 When affrighted she clung to my arm :
 " Why, Kitty," I'd say,—“ see ! I'm never afraid !”
 And, content that my boldness so well I displayed,
 Half forgave her her girlish alarm.

4

And then she'd look up in my face for awhile,
 And say “ But dear Bud, you're a man !”
 And I'd feel, if 'twere possible, taller—a mile,
 And ready to fight a whole world for that smile,
 As boldly before her I ran.

5

A sweet perfect thing was that Catharine De Lorme,
 With black eyes and such light chestnut hair,
 And an infinite grace in her round fairy form,
 She seemed like glad music, and sunbeams so warm,
 Expressed in a being of air.

6

Yet not for her beauty I loved the fair child,
 But because she stood ever my friend,
 And when, like a boy, I had been over wild,
 With the dear pleading tones of a voice low and mild,
 She would still her young playmate defend.

7

But, as up to the feelings of manhood I grew,
 Every day wrought a change on my heart ;
 I blushed when she spake, tho' no reason I knew,
 Yet wherever she was to her presence I flew,
 And grieved when time forced us apart.

8

'Twas young Love who thus stood in my heart's guardless
 porch,
 Knocking loud at the innermost gate ;
 I opened it wide, for I saw not his torch,
 And when warned by the flame I had heard would so
 scorch,
 I strove to eject him too late.

9

Then farther and farther he wound through its maze,
 And fired each thought as onward he press'd,
 Till a myriad torches had added their rays,
 And lighted him on, with a broad fierce blaze,
 To the depths of my shrinking breast.

10

And she too, grew changed ;—ah ! how diff'rent a change
 Came to her with the quick rolling years ;
 To tones of the past she grew haughty and strange,
 She flew 'mid the world's pleasure-gardens to range,
 But left me a valley of tears.

11

Yet I never reproached her, I'd built up too high
 A palace right stately and proud ;—
 The bright sun that had tinged it sank low in the sky,
 I saw one by one all its rare colours die,
 For it proved but a palace of cloud.

12

'Twas a palace of cloud, yet of exquisite mould,
Every part built with hours of care,
But alas! every part did a storm-essence hold;—
It burst, and around me the dread thunder rolled
With the hollow report of despair.

13

She married;—I could not have seen her that day!
And the morn that beheld her a bride,
As if in affection's too sudden decay
Were a poison to steal its frail life away,
A dear bird she had given me died.

14

I burned my poor pet, and then taking each part
Of that pledge of the days gone by,
I buried them all in a golden dart,
And sent back with these words from a broken heart,
“It is dead, but I cannot die!”

NIGHT AND DAY.

1

ALL the fair Day's hours are flown,
 The dark drear Night is of him grown ;
 And the chimes of the midnight bell,
 Of a birth and burial tell.

2

The sun was up, then who so gay
 As the short lived, laughing Day ?
 The sun went down, Day's tears fell fast,
 For well he knew his life had past.

3

And so he took him for a shroud
 A sombre robe of shade and cloud ;
 Muffled him close on every side,
 And, like an antique Roman, died.

4

But a pale light was o'er him shed,
 For at his feet, and at his head,
 Many star-tapers shone right brave,
 Watching till night had dug his grave.

5

And the wind, with low sad tone,
Sang this dirge, " Day's gone ! Day's gone !"
Then the old forest bent to hear,
And whispered sadly far and near—

6

" Day's gone, Day's gone !" till bough and leaf,
All trembled to the sound of grief ;
And so the Day lay wrapped in shade,
And so the Night his broad grave made.

7

But lo ! he breaks the bands of earth,
Each morrow gives him joyous birth,
And stern old Night speeds fast away
From the fair babe—the laughing Day.

8

Youth is warm, and age is cold ;
Youth will not think of growing old ;
But old age comes and brings decay,
And then Night buries our lost Day.

9

But if at morning, noon or eve,
This world's sin-shaded path we leave,
And bathe in God's own holy truth,
We shall find there eternal youth.

10

In heaven there is nor night nor day,—
Its light is one great glorious ray
That flows out from the throne of God;
One ray, but as all heaven 'tis broad.

11

And we shall go from death's dark night,
To be for ever *of* that light,
If on the resurrection morn,
Our day was with the Saviour born.

BEAUTY AND LOVE.

I.

BEAUTY doth recommend itself to all ;
 For though ourselves in outward form be foul,
 Distorted large, or despicably small,
 There is a living beauty in the soul ;
 And therefore sitting in its house, this clay,
 It watcheth from its window eyes, to see
 If haply nature's fairest may display
 What it doth feel within itself to be ;
 And seeing such, doth straight her image bear
 Within its house, its chiefest guest to live,
 Till, to the soul's deep strong unvaried prayer,
 Heaven for the shadow, doth the substance give :
 Woman, the substance of our shadowed thought,
 Who with all thinking is most cheaply bought.

II.

Love is the child of beauty, and her pride,
 So firmly bound to her naught can procure
 His willing absence from his parent's side ;
 Ambition, wealth, delusive fame may lure
 With phantoms of the brain the yearning heart,
 To such whose favour beauty's touch ne'er knew ;
 But ling'ring slow the footstep still will part
 From where the knowledge of perfection grew ;

And though the eye beam soft, the lip may smile,
 Till keenest sense be cheated with their show,
 'Tis but the prompting of a friendly guile,—
 But honour's mask to hide a face of wo;
 That it alone should bear its own deceit,
 Embracing that from which there's no retreat.

III.

Thus longing vain to falsehood oft imparts
 The light that shines around love's truer flame,
 Till words that chilled the thoughts of burning hearts,
 When raged love's fire too fierce for human frame,
 Full often serve to make love seem agree
 With paltry cunning, passion's copied glow,
 And smooth wrought phrase of dull complacency
 Spoke passing soft, and confidently low,—
 And all but breath, or such as breath may buy,
 For the cold heart doth still unmoved remain,
 And though it prompts not, panders to a lie,
 That from another's loss themselves may gain;
 Affection's truth their chiefest means to rise,
 Whose truth to any every act denies.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

THE NIGHT.

NIGHT sank o'er Sodom, and the mingled sound
Of drunken shouts with drunken laughter blending,
Rose up to heaven.—Without, the hardened ground,
Beaten by thousand feet in dance contending,
Seemed as it joined them in their free content,
And heav'd its broad breast to their merriment,
Laughing, that they who trod its green expanse
Knew no more care than to arrange the dance;
Within, through stately halls gay music rolled,
And o'er rich silks, and gems, and burnished gold,
A faintly coloured light was softly flung
By lamps so slight and beauteous, they hung
From the groined roofs, as delicate and bright
As fairy palaces of prisoned light;
And, as it were upborne upon their beams,
Came through the space innumerable streams
Of scents so soft, so lulling, and so rare,
Twould seem that all sweet flowers held revel there;
And flinging forth their odors wide and free,
Breathed all around their perfumed ecstasy.
In every hand the jewelled goblets shine,
And laughing eyes are mirrored in red wine;

The graybeard, Time, sleeps on a rosy bed,
 And Bacchus throws a wine-mist round his head ;
 Like plump-cheeked, blushing boys, Time's children,
 Hours,
 Crowned with fresh wreaths of pleasure-scented flowers,
 Wait at the board through the quick passing night,
 Pour the rich wine in streams of coloured light,
 Flit through the halls in loosely flowing dress,
 And with each look encourage wantonness.
 No thought of sorrow or impending fate,
 Forced its rough passage through the close barred gate,
 But like the shepherd who, neglectful grown,
 On bare, bleak hills, leaves numerous herds alone
 To trooping wolves that round them fiercely howl,
 Whilst that he feasts at home and plies the bowl ;
 Or, all unmindful of his flock's distress,
 Sleeps soundly there in shallow carelessness.
 They danced, blasphemed, and unreflecting laughed,
 And in the bowl their own destruction quaffed.
 And now a song through the still night they pour,
 Shouting the chorus with a drunken roar !

SONG OF THE DOOMED.

1

Away with to-morrow ! 'tis worse than a dream,
 For it never arrives, whilst our dreams come and fade ;
 Away with to-morrow ! the lightning's quick gleam
 Is more palpable far than that shade of a shade.
 Fill ! fill up the bowl ! who refuses to drain,
 May he ne'er think of aught but to-morrow again !

2

Away with the past! it is gone—let it die,—
 Let its last recollection depart from us now;
 Away with the leaf that is withered and dry,
 And bind the fresh chaplet around every brow!
 Fill! fill up the bowl! who refuses to drain,
 May the joys he has known never seek him again!

3

But pledge we the present—'tis ours alone,
 It smiles in bright eyes, and it flows in red wine:
 We pluck it like roses that, perfectly blown,
 Are ours before they begin to decline.
 Fill! fill up the bowl! who refuses to drain,
 May he ne'er know a present like ours again!

THE DOOM FULFILLED.

The song has ceased, but no loud-voiced applause
 Rings through the halls; a dread and solemn pause
 Succeeds the bacchanalian revelry;—
 A silence, such as hushes o'er the sea,
 And tells to moaning wave and darkened sky,
 Their tempest-master comes. What means that cry!
 The small shrill voice of infants, and the tone
 Of the strong man, mixed in one helpless groan;
 Ah! hark! that hollow echo on the wind
 Speaks great despair—"Not ten just men I find
 In towering palace, or in lowly tent!
 You know sin's sweets—know now its punishment!"

The sun has risen o'er the distant hills,
But Sodom sees him not ; the light that fills
Its atmosphere, is heaven's dread, lurid flame !
Brimstone and fire upon the city came,
As though, to punish that most wicked race,
The deepest hell, unseated from its place,
With all its sulph'rous, everlasting fire,
God for a moment paused in threatenng dire,
Then hurled from heaven to earth !

One shriek of pain,
One hollow roar, as the wide bursting plain
Swallowed its cities with a rushing sound,
And pour'd upon the parched and blackened ground
A pitchy sea ; the just revenge is o'er ;—
The Cities of the Plain shall rise no more !

THE FALSE ONE,

AND

L'ENVOY.

Good night awhile to all!

In olden time,
 Few lived but loved when the stern day was o'er,
 To list at ease some bold heroic rhyme
 Of stricken fields, from those who knew such lore,
 And how to tell it in a courtly style
 To lord and lady.

E'en of such an one,
 And of a gray-haired warrior, the while,
 Who with an ear attent listed each tone
 Which from the earthly harp went floating round,
 To lose its individual melody
 In the grand unison of perfect sound
 That rings beyond the mist we call the sky,
 Will I a legend tell, to finish fair
 This little book.

“ If you have tears, prepare
 To shed them now”—not that this tale is sad,
 But we must part, and you can scarce be glad.

The Knight, just at the close of a long day,
 Sat where the shadow of his tent was spread
 Broadest and deepest by the level ray,
 While some tall Syrian palms above his head,
 Rustled and whispered to the passing breeze ;
 And a small stealthy brook just by his feet,
 Nourished the fibres of the hermit trees.
 On a hot sand-plain, water's passing sweet—
 He stooped and drank, then resting both his hands
 Upon the pommel of his sword, he said—

Lewis, good youth, I've heard, of other lands
 You can tell much.—

'Tis true my lord, I've read—
 Pshaw! talk to me of what thou'st seen, boy,—seen,
 I like not wit with goose-quills ever fed ;
 My sword's my pen, and I write quick and keen.
 I tell thee boy, they seldom lack reply
 Who use this well when words and blows run high.
 Read, read—What hast thou seen?
 Come, come, a tale ;
 Tax thy invention if thy memory fail.
 List then, my lord.—

I do.

1

In Albion's isle there dwelt a dame,
 Right haughty fair was she ;
 And nobles foiled believed no flame
 Could touch her heart so free.

2

And high they swore—Sir Hubert's wife
 A paragon was sure;
 And yet though well she braved the strife,
 The lady was not pure.

3

For when her lord with cross on breast,
 Had sailed for Palestine,
 Another in his halls did rest,
 Another drank his wine.

A heavy fall.

Young Lewis stayed his song,
 And sprang to raise his master from the ground.

I thank thee, boy.—'There, now—I'm quite, quite strong;
 Thy tale cut nearly—nay, no word, no sound—
 I had a wife once—that was she—farewell.
 He was a corpse as the last accents fell!

And so say we—FAREWELL.

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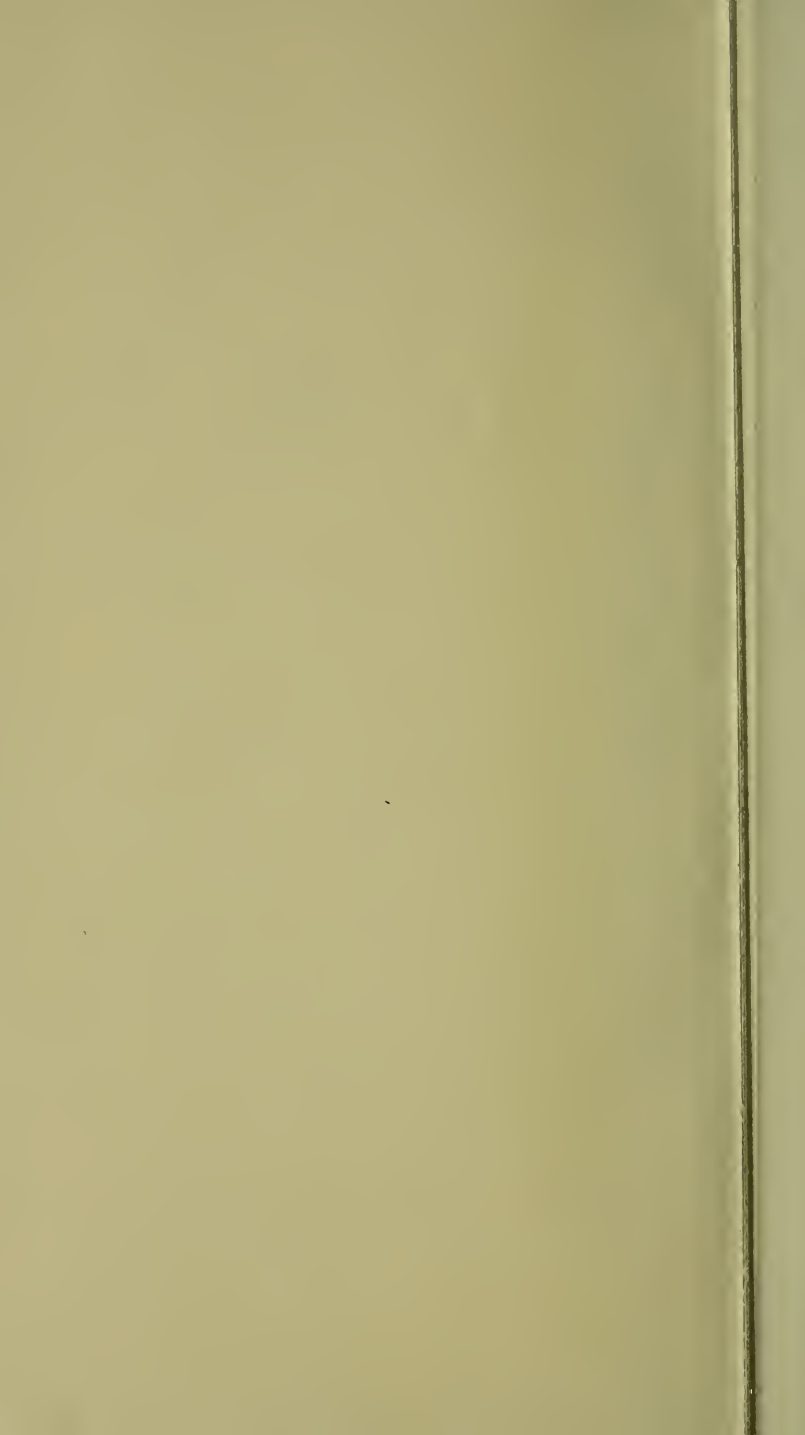
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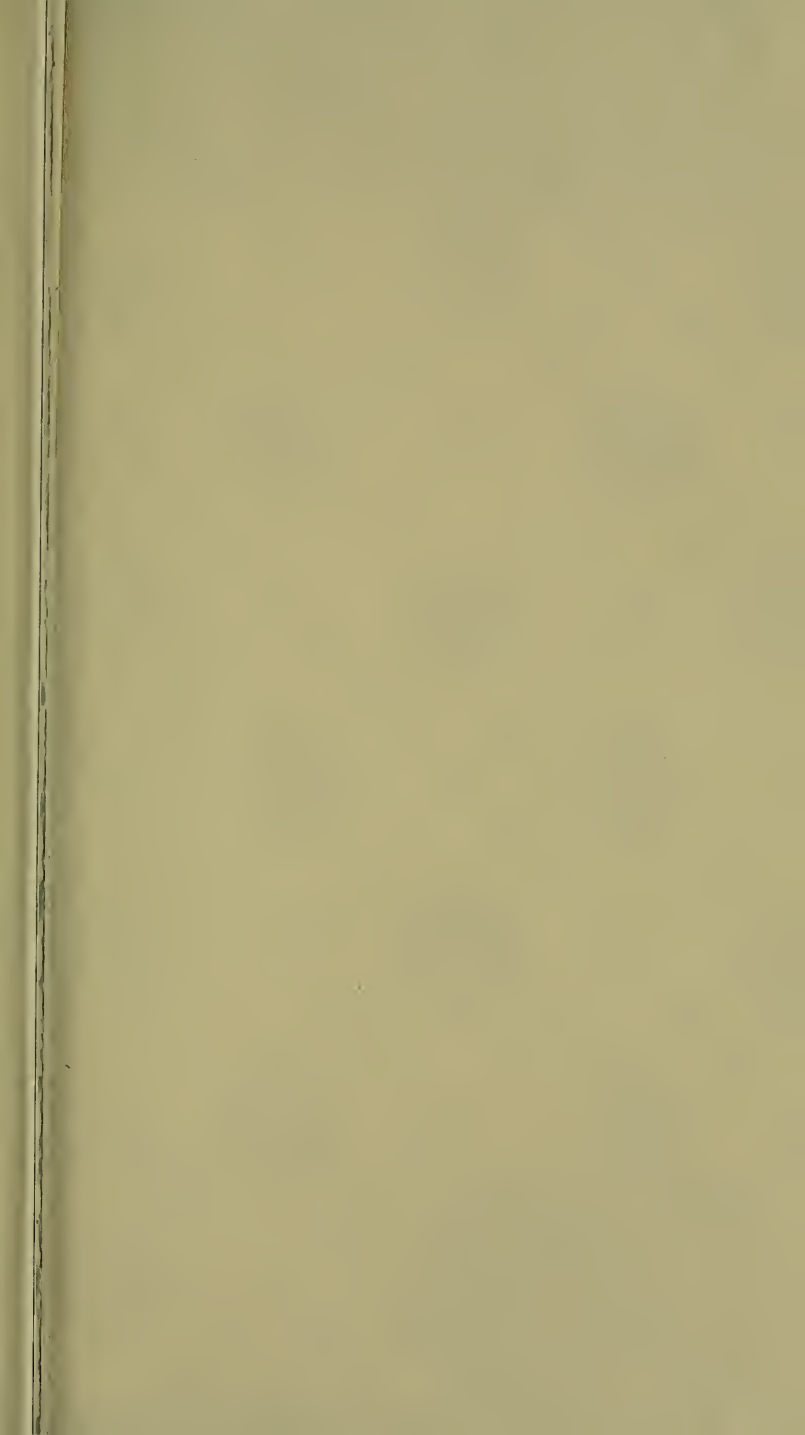














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